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THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

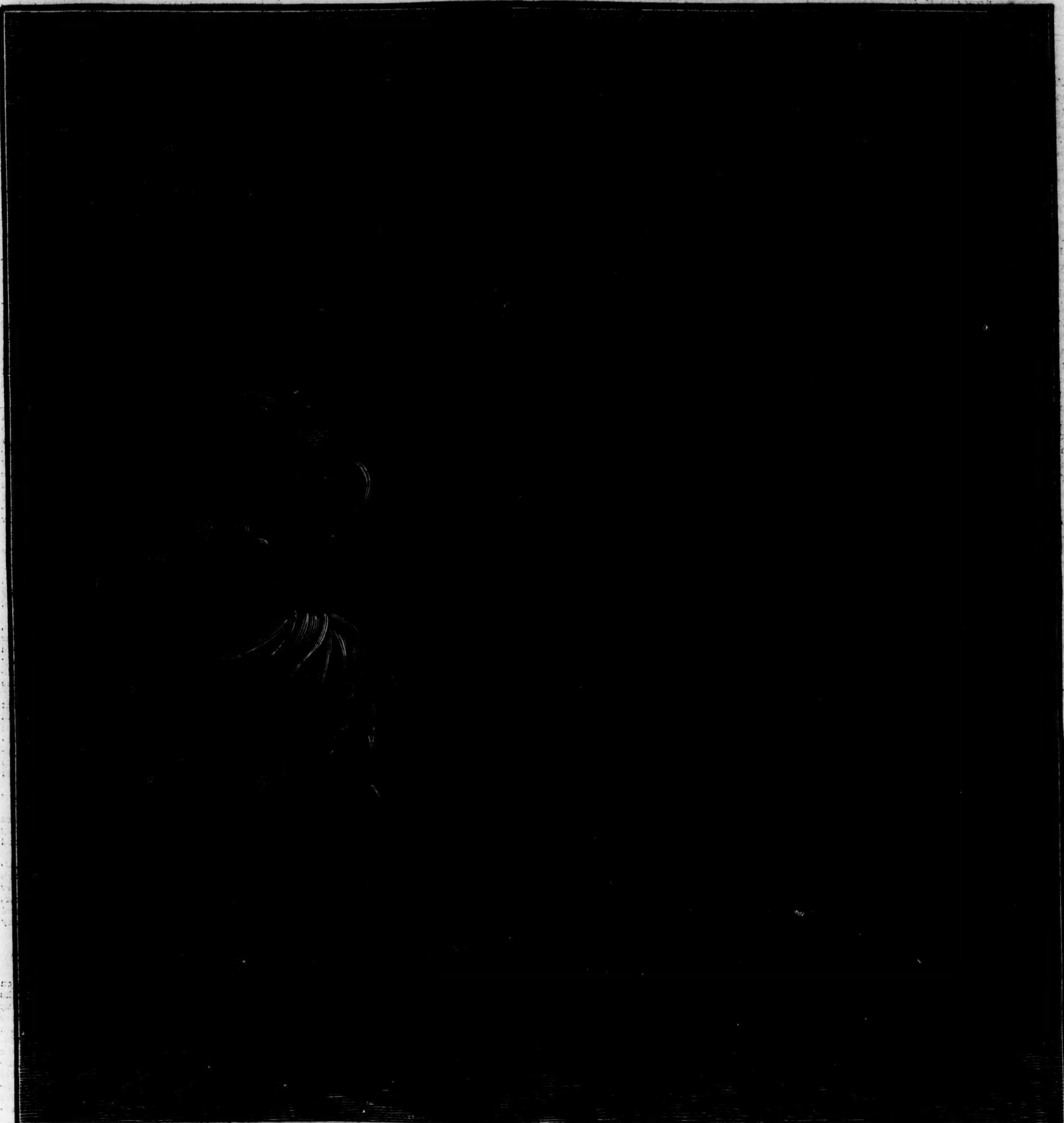
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1885.

VOLUME XLVII—No. 422.
Price Ten Cents.



A NEW INDUSTRY.

TWO MASKED HIGHWAYMEN IN CINCINNATI ROB A GIRL OF HER HAIR.



RICHARD K. FOX, - - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Square, N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1885.

18 Weeks, \$1.

The POLICE GAZETTE will be mailed, securely wrapped to any address in the United States for three months or thirteen weeks on receipt of

ONE DOLLAR.

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RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square, New York.

A WORD ABOUT OURSELVES.

At this season of the year, when we are on the threshold of the long and tiresome winter, the question arises "What newspaper shall we take?" What kind of communication, in other words, shall we keep up with the outer world, and what channel shall we select through which to obtain all the news in a form as compact, as interesting and as wholesome as possible?

To that question there is but one reply—the POLICE GAZETTE.

And, why?

In the first place, this newspaper is not only "a brief chronicle and abstract of the time" in the sense of giving all the sensational and thrilling incidents of the week on the American continent, described in the most vivid and picturesque English by the best and most graphic writers money can secure, but on these pages every such incident and occurrence is illustrated by the men who are, literally, the leading artists of the day. No space is wasted on imputed trifles. We give no room to fancy and flattering sketches of life among the bogus "aristocrats" of America. But nothing of a dramatic or sensational character can happen in any part of the United States but it is carefully and accurately depicted by draughtsmen of the first-class, and reduced to wood cuts by a corps of selected engravers.

In reporting and picturing events of popular interest in this country, the POLICE GAZETTE is essentially the newspaper of this country's people. It is, in short, a kind of journalistic and pictorial exchange, which enables the citizen of San Francisco to realize with his own vision everything that occurs in New York, while it spreads before the Yankees of Maine various doings of the men of Texas.

It is not too much to claim for the POLICE GAZETTE still another proud boast. To its tireless exertions, to the generous expenditures in the way of prizes and other assistance made by Richard K. Fox, and to the persistent accuracy and justice of its pages when treating of every manly diversion and exercise, is due, beyond all question, the extraordinary "boom" of what is known as "sport" in America. Boxing never had such a sponsor or such a backer. The great rewards for skill and success in this art-rewards which have drawn contestants from every country to these shores—were offered and contributed solely by Richard K. Fox. Rowing, baseball, pigeon-shooting, running, walking—every exercise and sport, as we have said before, has been promoted and developed by the POLICE GAZETTE and its proprietor to such a supreme extent that now in every one of them America leads the entire world.

Surely to have accomplished this gigantic result in less than six years is enough to entitle the POLICE GAZETTE to the enthusiastic support of every American who is proud of the predominance of his countrymen in everything that is illustrative of perfect manhood.

It has been charged against the POLICE GAZETTE by its milk-sop enemies that it belongs to the class of publications which trend beyond the limits of sensationalism. If any reply were necessary in opposition to this absurd and malicious statement, that reply would be found in the fact that the mails of the United States—jealously protected by law from any contamination—gladly and legally transport this paper all over the country.

Surely that is enough to decide the charge in the negative.

But it only needs a scrutiny of every line of

our letterpress and every cut on our illustrated pages to discover how wide of the truth is the one malignant accusation to which we allude. To-day the POLICE GAZETTE—made up as it is from the daily press of the entire United States—is a welcome visitor in households from which many a morning journal is rigorously excluded.

No, there is but one popular, liberal, interesting, vigorous and honest illustrated weekly published in this country, calculated not only to depict all incidents, occurrences and events of American life, but calculated, at the same time, for the great, intelligent and sensible mass of American newspaper readers, and that weekly is the POLICE GAZETTE.

Everybody, therefore, who for any reason cannot obtain it from a regular dealer can have it safely and approvingly conveyed to him by the United States mail on sending his subscription to this office.

A BROTHER of the Mikado of Japan is en route to this country—probably to rescue his brother who is being "played" in New York.

THE postmaster at Millersburg, Miss., set a bear trap and caught a postal burglar. Men of that stamp are a credit to the service.

SINCE Omaha has been advertised as the tornado center the weak-haired Eastern dude will strap his hat on before visiting the city.

THE fury of politics is now a matter of a few days. At the end comes a dull thud. And then business affairs will receive needed attention.

AT Quincy, Mass., a boy burglar was caught in the act of stealing a pot of baked beans. He proved to be a refugee from the Boston high school.

THE latest grade-crossing tragedy was at New Britain, Conn. There's a smell of blood, however, on the grade crossings right in Philadelphia.

A NEWSPAPER called the "Mother-in-Law" has been started by a number of young women at Pueblo, Mexico. It will probably fill a long-felt want.

THE Apaches' hair crop is not all in yet, but the red-handed harvesters seem determined to make it a good one if they have to raise every "wig" in Arizona.

THE skating rink opened in New Haven on Monday, and on Tuesday an elopement from there was reported. The season has opened throughout the country.

IN his sermon last Sunday Rev. Talmage said the *Pall Mall Gazette* exposures brought the blush of shame to every cheek. Does that account for the red sunsets?

THE New York *World* alludes to this terrestrial sphere as its "namesake." And by the way, the *World* seems to be revolving around the Sun considerably of late.

NEW YORK is rather slow when playing baseball for the championship, but get her started at panhandling for a pedestal or a monument and she will capture the pennant every time.

ANNIE DRINKER, the poetess (Edith May), has been released from the Pennsylvania asylum for the insane, and, it is said, has been cured. Why not give a few more of them like treatment?

FOR pure, unadulterated yard-wide cheek the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* takes the bakery. Please read this, if you can, without feeling faint: "No city in the West is such a marked religious centre as Chicago."

ARTHUR CLEVELAND, a Reading, Pa., sculptor, has gone crazy because his bust of Gen. Grant did not take a prize at the art exhibition. Other men have gone crazy over bad busts, but they called it Jim-jams.

COLA E STONE, the champion bicyclist of the country, took a "header" into the other world at St. Louis. Miss Laura Browning, an artist's model, was the obstacle in his course of true love. She wouldn't have him.

IT is said that the Mormons are looking toward Mexico as a site for their temples and a field for their alleged religion. The people of this country will be sorry for Mexico, but they will hope that the report is true.

ANOTHER big Wall streeter has gone up, but there are any number of big Wall streeters yet left who ought to go up and have not done so. Everything is not solvent that seems to be in that delectable financial quarter.

WE are glad Miss Emma Nevada is married, and sincerely hope that she will not, like other prima donne, travel under an alias now that she has got an honest name of her own. Wonder if Dr. Palmer plays billiards.

MINISTER FOSTER's coming home from Spain with a treaty and nobody knows how much cholera is concealed about his person. Let him be quarantined a year or two. We don't think he'll be missed.

THERE are horrible possibilities about this accelerated postage racket. Any fellow that doesn't like you can have you knocked out of bed at midnight for a dime, and have the government perpetrate the outrage at that.

FRANK JAMES has refused a retainer of \$100 offered by a Kansas farmer who desired to have the ex-bandit murder a man for him. The surviving James boy is becoming high-toned. He doesn't even say how much of a retainer he would take.

THE League championship colors fly never so proudly as in Chicago. It is natural for the Windy City to be "the tenant of the pennant," as a Chicago Vassar girl would express it. Why a Chicago girl should use sesquipedalian words her detractors must explain.

IT is announced that the Canadian privy council will consider Riel's case in about a fortnight. If the council has as much pluck and as little regard for mere temporizing policy as the court and jury at Regina had, Riel will be dancing on nothing before snow flies.

A TEXAS edition of Billy the Kid relieved ten passengers in a stage coach of their valuables, near Laredo, lately. The worst feature about this affair is that his example is apt to cause another wild rush of novel-besotted children with nickel-mounted popes to the West.

IN Memphis Miss Rachel Shuman horsewhipped a man who had traduced her, named Worschky. Even if he had not offended a lady, we are glad a man with such an outrageous name was horsewhipped. It is such names as Worschky that pi type in a newspaper office.

"He was the friend of the interviewer" is the tribute of Chicago newspaper men to the late Emery Storrs. When the poor interviewer, sleepy, tired and hungry, came to his hotel at a witching hour Mr. Storrs, no doubt, permitted him to depart in peace without talking him half to death.

SINCE the passage of the law inflicting floggings on wife-beaters in Maryland there has been a notable decrease in the number of cases of that class. The secret is the ex-thumpers pair off. Brown jicks Smith's wife and Smith reciprocates by giving Mrs. Brown a pounding.

BEN BUTLER has been talking with a New York *World* reporter, and among other remarkable things he said he uttered the prophecy that he has grandchildren who will live to see the Vanderbilts and the Goulds taken out to the nearest lamp-posts and hung in the most scientific and skillful manner.

JUDGING from the preparations making to receive Canon Farrar, it is to be feared he will knock out John L. Sullivan in Boston next month. The Canon is a pretty big gun, but nobody imagined he could force the champion to take a back seat in his own neck of woods. It gives Boston culture a severe shock.

A SENSATION has been excited in Germany by a series of articles in a leading Frankfort newspaper denouncing the apathy of the police in permitting heavy gambling to continue throughout the season at the club at Baden-Baden. Immense sums of money have changed hands there lately, and during the races two German sportsmen lost \$100,000.

A CHILD was born in the Kentucky Penitentiary the other day who starts into life with a heavy handicap. Its mother is Josephine Fritz, who is an unmarried woman, and who is serving a life term for complicity in the murder of Mrs. Caton. The father of the child is supposed to be Moses Caton, who was recently hung for wife-murder at Morganfield.

THE man who delights in organizing a "corner" in the necessities of life would listen with satanic glee to the cries of starving widows and orphans, if they only put money into his pocket. Armour, Gould and Vanderbilt do more to advance communistic sentiments than a whole army of irresponsible socialists like Most and Schwab. Some day the victims will don their Armour and Schwab out the Most offensive transgressors.

WHEN a preacher turns actor, his course is generally rapid to the gutter and degradation. George C. Miln is a case in point. Not long ago he was a popular preacher, but the stage took his fancy and he gave himself up to its unrealities and teverish excitements. Vexatious financial embarrassments and a multitudinous sea of troubles have followed him since he became an actor, and last week we find him before a Denver police court for assault and battery.



The best known theatrical doorkeeper in the United States is "Zeke" Chamberlain, whose strong, good-humored but severe countenance stands at the top of this column. Generations of playgoers have, in their time, responded to Zeke's courteous but emphatic "Ticket, please!" Many a deadhead, moreover, has been withered to the core by a single gleam of Ezekiel's merciless and contemptuous eye. He still mounts guard at the receipt of custom of the Union Square theatre and there long may he continue.

A FAMOUS PARISIAN BEAUTY.

Olymphe Audouard has subsided. She was a harum-scarum beauty of a Rubens type. And did she not know how to set her charms off to the best advantage! Nobody who saw it will ever forget the effect she produced in the Palais de Justice when she went there in the character of a persecuted wife. The Bar gravitated to the bench on which she was sitting. Elderly barristers were perhaps more emperors in their attentions than young ones. Olymphe had the pink of the peach-blossom in her cheeks, large blue, prominent eyes, a laughing mouth, fine teeth, dimples galore, and a well-modelled nose. The white part of the complexion was like the lily. There was such a wealth of light brown, wavy hair, shot with gold, that no amount of hair-pins could keep it from falling about. Olymphe Audouard was rich and highly educated; imaginative, credulous and good-natured. After seeing Adah Menken in "Les Pirates des Savanes," she came to America to ride across the prairie and was successively tempted to join the Shakers and the Mormons. She ended by taking up Equal Rights and spiritualism, and was asked by the Express Eugenie to give, at the Tuilleries, the reason for her belief in spirits. She gave a lecture on the phenomena she had witnessed in America. She had Southern fluency and lovely hands, to which magnificent rings called attention. A fan lay on the desk before her, and she often used it with graceful effect. It was very pretty to see how she fanned off a fly that buzzed about her. Her early history was this: She was the daughter of a very rich man, and, against her will, was married to one still richer, who neglected her to run after pretty actresses. A revolt was the consequence. If less beautiful she might have become famous, for she really had eloquence. But she enjoyed too much the income of admiration excited by her beauty and bone grace to cultivate her gifts with perseverance. Olympie made, unintentionally, a conquest of the late Emperor, but, as she was not ambitious, she refused to follow it up.

ELLEN K. PECK.

[With Portrait.] After flirting for eight years with Justice, Ellen K. Peck, the well-known confidence woman, recently received her first punishment in the form of a four and a half year's sentence.

Mrs. Peck is not a prepossessing-looking woman, and as she was brought to the bar of the Court of Oyer and Terminer her masculine-looking face was divested of every vestige of color. Without displaying any other outward sign of feeling, she clutched the railing before Judge Van Brunt and cast her eyes on the floor.

Addressing the prisoner, Judge Van Brunt said that there were a number of indictments against her, but that the District-Attorney felt that no good results could be attained by pressing them. In passing sentence he took into consideration her long imprisonment, but felt it was the duty of the Court to impose the highest penalty. Her sentence, therefore, would be four and a half years in the Penitentiary.

The crime for which Mrs. Peck was convicted was for forging a bond given with a mortgage on a house owned by her husband in Brooklyn to an insurance company. An ex-convict, who is now in Sing Sing and was a witness in the case, personated her husband and received the money.

Mrs. Peck's criminal career would fill a large volume, and there are now in the District-Attorney's office seven indictments against her. Among her victims were B. F. Babbitt, the soap manufacturer; Simpson, the pawnbroker; jewelers, lawyers and others, all of whom were easily victimized by her oily tongue.

A NEW INDUSTRY.

[Subject of Illustration.] A mysterious case of highway robbery occurred on Ravine street, Cincinnati, the other evening. Miss Flora Reis, a seventeen-year-old girl, was returning to her home about 9 o'clock, and when within three doors of the house she was stopped by a person dressed in women's clothes, who asked the address of Mrs. Schmidt. The girl offered to show the way, and as the two were passing through a vacant lot the girl's companion, who turned out to be a man in disguise, forced a handkerchief into her mouth. Another man in female attire then ran up and deliberately cut off the girl's hair, which was very thick and long. It is supposed that the men will try to sell the stolen tresses.

Do not forget that any person who is unable to buy this paper in their town can have it forwarded direct from this office at the rate of \$1.00 for three months.

DRAMATIC DOINGS.

The Exciting Club-Lifting Tournament in Which Matsada Sorakichi Recently Carried Off the Honors.

Matsada Sorakichi is a very handsome and polite young Japanese gentleman who came to this country some years ago to show what wrestling amounts to in the Oriental country from which he hails. He soon convinced the local professors of that manly art that he had nothing to learn. Wrestler after wrestler tackled the gallant little Jap, and wrestler after wrestler retired from the encounter with a fixed resolution to let the little man alone in the future.

But why repeat the history of his Japanese conquests?



Mr. McLeahy has a whack at it.

of most of the gentlemen who stood up in his way and gave him an occasional bout? Have they not all been written time and time again in the chronicles of this paper and been duly admired and marveled at by the readers and friends hereof?

Of late Matsada has partly withdrawn from the wrestling arena and has serious thoughts, like all other great and successful men, of going on the stage. He justly thinks that this is going to be an exceptionally "fit" season for anything Japanese, Japanese costumes, Japanese pottery, Japanese bronzes and Japanese operas even are all the rage now-a-days, and so Matsada has serious



Mr. Guzzlestein tries it.

thoughts of once more donning his ancient silken garb and going out as a real, genuine, imported Daimio with one of the Mikado companies recently organised. What Matsada will do upon the stage is not altogether known, but it is generally believed that he is hard at work practicing some Japanese songs and dances and will, in due time, do a grand double act in an introduced scene of "specialty" performances.

But even the practice of whatever profession there may be in singing and dancing requires training, and so our tawny friend has, for the time being, entered himself, so to speak, as an apprentice of the noble art of faking.

That is to say he has manfully accepted an engagement at the best known and most popular museum on the Bowery. There, nightly, he displays his immense

was Mr. Dennis Mulcahey, late of Sligo, Ireland, who got the club on his back and let it stay there.

The second failure was that of the celebrated Ger-

man artist, Herr Guzzlestein, who didn't succeed even in lifting it off the floor.

Mr. Guttenstone, a popular sporting journalist had the third shot at it and reduced his weight by sixteen pounds in the effort to raise it three inches.

Upon the fourth competitor, Mr. Spindlein, the champion all-round athlete of Passaic, N. J., the trial had a most disastrous effect, for he fell upon his back

and was unable to get up again.

It looks as though the country audiences, actors, managers, and all, have gone "Mikado" crazy.

George C. Brotherton, of the Comedy, is

now getting to be a familiar face on the Broadway

promenade.

Charles Thayer will travel with Edwin Booth this season, to look after the interests of R. M.

Field.

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J. W. Randolph says the Forresters will not

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Steve Maley and Harry R. Vickers are now

with the California Minstrels. Chas. Saunders is with

the same party.

F. F. Mackay has been engaged to support

Helene Dauvray when she opens with Bronson How-

ard's new comedy.

Jerome Eddy declined the offer to be acting

manager of the Fourteenth Street theatre, and very

sensible of him, too.

W. T. Cartleton is to leave the "Nanon" com-

pany at the Casino, and get in readiness for his own

season in the opera.

William Elton arrived from England Sept.

26, under engagement to resume the low-comedy lead

at Wallack's theatre.

M. H. Rosenfeld is writing away for dear

life. "Ride on Dat Golden Mule" is his latest, and is,

he tells us, for Lotta.

Alfred F. Holmes has left for England with

R. Curlett's new drama, "The Three Students," to dis-

pose of the copyright.

Mossey, Sisson & Hilliard have engaged

Charles Mollenbauer as director at their new Critic

theatre in Brooklyn.

Larry Mack, of McNish, Johnson & Slavin's

Minstrels, recently lost his mother. He left the com-

pany to attend the funeral.

Banks Winter rejoined Thatcher, Primrose & West's Minstrels in Brooklyn this week, having quit

McNish, Johnson & Slavin.

Frank L. Gardner is brimming over with

the result of his successful engagement of Mme. Janish

at the Madison Square theatre.

J. B. Buckley, who has been connected with

Cross' Theatre in Brockton has been appointed trea-

urer of the Union Square theatre.

Hamilton Bell, the English actor engaged by

Aug. Daly to play in "The Magistrate," has joined

Mr. Daly's people in Philadelphia.

Ben Collins recently joined Haverly's Min-

strels in Frisco, making his first appearance there

Sept. 14 at the Bush-street Theatre.

Everybody in "The Tigers" combination has

been hacking at the play, cutting and shifting, and

splicing in order to improve. It is about right now.

Dick Hume, who has the comedy-role in

"The Yellow Dwarf" with the Silbow's Co., is credited

with a hit through his very funny make-up.

McGaul's "Mikado" company have re-

ceived their costumes and will leave on Thursday for

Philadelphia, where they play next week.

Robert Filkins is to take Dore Wiley and

Richard Goldin on the road this season, in a very ap-

propriately named piece called "Chestnut."

Arthur Sullivan took Mr. Carte and his

"Mikado" company for a sail up the Hudson to New-

burgh last Sunday. It was a very pretty sight.

Marcus A. Mayer says Manager H. E. Ab-

bey has definitely decided that Mary Anderson's sea-

son at the Star will open with "As You Like It."

Adelaide Moore is enjoying a holiday down

at Old Point Comfort, Va. Her leading man for the

season, Charles Bennett, sailed from Liverpool on

Saturday.

The drama said by Sydney Hodges of Lon-

don, Eng., to be owned for America by Lester Wallack

is, we find, "Petrovna," which was done in London

last spring.

James Riordan, who is now an invalid, was

benefited afternoon of Sept. 17 at the Bella Union, San

Francisco, Cal. Jessie Danvers opened at the Bella

Union the 21st.

G. C. Briggs, manager of Donald McKay's

"India Tent, No. 2," charges that Dell Bartineo and

Flora Story left his service at Titusville, Pa., Sept. 23,

without reason or notice.

Nancy Merritt, Alice Oates' mother and

grandmother of Leo Townsend, is reported to be

financially destitute in Louisville, Ky., where Man-

ager J. T. Macaulay is assisting her.

Rudolph Aronson's new waltz, "My Dar-

ling," had a successful production at the Casino on

Sunday night. Wesley Sisson thinks of having it done

at the Criterion Theatre in Brooklyn.

W. A. McConnell, late of the Brooklyn thea-

tre, who is associated with Frank Gardner in the

management of Mme. Janish, has gone to Philadelphia to

look after the interests of "Anselma."

Louise Balfour will commence her season in

Philadelphia on Monday next. Her company will in-

clude Hamilton Harris, Blanche Plunkett, W. J. Dick-

son, Clare Gray and James Callahan.

Marie C. Blackburn has left C. R. Gardner's

"Only a Woman's Heart" company. Mr. Gardner's

way of treating his lady stars did not quite fall in with

Mrs. Blackburn's views, hence the rupture.

E. Cholmeley Jones keeps pegging away.

He has arranged for his St. George's Glee Club to give

three subscription concerts this season in Chickering

Hall. The first will be given on November 10th.

strength and his wonderful skill in uplifting the 200

pound "Police Gazette" club five or six times.

Of course he is not without rivals, for no man was

ever truly great in any walk of life but there were

always a score or so of fellows who could easily beat him.

So one day last week Brother Matsada invited

some of his competitors to a little tournament.

The first able-bodied competitor who came to grief

was Mr. Dennis Mulcahey, late of Sligo, Ireland, who got the club on his back and let it stay there.

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MARY ALLEN,

THE SMOKED MAIDEN WHO POISONED BY WHOLESALE, AT ALLEGHENY, PA.



ARTHUR GROVER,

WHO MURDERED LOOMIS FOR THE LATTER'S LIFE-INSURANCE POLICIES, STONY RIDGE, O.



THOMAS C. HANCE,

WHO SHOT HIS WIFE ANNIE DEAD IN A BALTIMORE BAGNIO RECENTLY.



MRS. ELLEN K. PECK,

QUEEN OF CONFIDENCE OPERATORS, SENTENCED TO FOUR YEARS AND A HALF, NEW YORK.



A DEER'S CHASE OF A DOG.

THE ODD SPECTACLE WITNESSED BY A PIKE CO., PENNSYLVANIA, FARMER.

A Deer's Chase of a Dog.

A resident of Topton, in Pike county, Pa., was attracted by the loud barking of a dog in the road in front of his house on Oct. 2d. He looked out of the window and saw a large buck in full chase of a small black-and-tan dog belonging to a neighbor. The dog and the deer sped down

the old Milford and Owego turnpike, and disappeared. The dog has not been seen since, and hunters have been looking for the buck without success. The deer came out of the Paupack woods, a famous hunting ground near by.

"Tax whiskey to death" is the motto of temperance fanatics in the South.



AN UNGRATEFUL SCOUNDREL.

GEORGE BESENDORF, AFTER KILLING HIS BENEFACTOR'S WIFE, COMMITS SUICIDE.



A QUEER RACE.

A MADISON, WIS., FIRE ENGINE IS DRAWN TO A CONFLAGRATION BY OXEN.

SHE FORGOT HER GARTER,
AND IS NOW SOUGHT BY A HOPOKEN WIFE WITH A JERSEY COWHIDE.

THIS WICKED WORLD.

A Few Samples of Man's Duplicity and Woman's Worse than Weakness.



KILLING HIS WIFE IN A BAGNO.

Mrs. Annie C. Hance, who was also known in her wicked career as Lizzie Ray and Katie LeRoy, was shot and killed instantly at a bagnio kept by Annie E. Herbert on South Spring street, Baltimore, by her enraged husband, Thomas C. Hance. The woman Herb rt, proprietress of the house, tells the following about the parties:

"Annie E. Hance was an orphan, and had been raised in the German Orphan Asylum. She left there to hire out, and at one time lived with Mr. Walz, a photographer, at the Relay House. She came to my house about seven years ago, and was with me about two years when she became a mother. I took a liking to her and sent her to the House of the Good Shepherd, where she was baptized, taking the name of Annie E. Ray. When she came to my house she was Lizzie Ray, and had been living on Raborg street. She was with me about four years when she met Thomas C. Hance, of Calvert county, who is an oysterman. He married her Jan. 12, 1882, and took her home, as he said, and also her child. He brought her back to Baltimore and left her here. Annie was twenty-four years old. I never knew her to visit a dance, drink any kind of liquors or smoke even a cigarette. She would have made any man a good wife if treated well." Thomas C. Hance is about twenty-five years old. He belongs to Calvert county, on the Patuxent river, about ten miles below Benedict. His father, M. B. Hance, was commander of the oyster poler sloop Louise Whyte last winter. The young man is rather prepossessing and of large build. He would say nothing other than that he was from Calvert County.

The young woman, the unfortunate wife of Hance, was rather above the average in size, well developed, and was considered handsome. She was shot in the right temple. No other wound was visible. Another pistol-shot was in the wall of her room. Marshal Gray stated that Hance called to see him about three months ago, and made a complaint about his wife; that his wife was living in a house of ill-repute on Spring street, and had her little girl-child with her.

A BIG BOGUS PRINCE.

The details of an extraordinary case of alleged bigamous marriage of a pretended Russian Prince with an American heiress, and the pursuit of the bride and bridegroom from New York to Rotterdam, where they were discovered only last week, are so replete with sensational incident that they read more like the imaginative story of a three volume novel than episodes of real life.

A few years ago there suddenly appeared in the city of Bristol, in England, a young man of noble mien, handsome features, an accomplished linguist and a polished man of the world. He described himself as the Prince Zacharias Basilius Zacharoff Goritschakoff, Garde Imperiale, Aide-de-camp de sa Majesté l'Empereur; and, though a prince, he was so affable to all sorts and conditions of people that he became very popular in many circles, and eventually succeeded in winning the hand of the daughter of a highly respectable Bristol tradesman. "The Prince's" wedding tour



He is nipped in Belgium.

was unfortunately interrupted by his arrest in Belgium on a charge of fraud in relation to foreign bonds, and he was brought back to England under the extradition treaty, and charged before the Lord Mayor with misappropriating securities to the value of upward of £1,000 from the safe of M. Ephistides of Constantinople. In the course of this prosecution it was alleged

that "the Prince" had some time before the fraud planted upon the unsuspecting Greek an iron safe, of which he himself retained a duplicate key, and by means of which he some two years afterward succeeded in possessing himself of the bonds.

The next heard of "the Prince" was as plaintiff in an action tried in the Bristol Tolsey Court in October, 1874, in which he sought to recover damages from his father-in-law and Alfred Brimble, a constable of the Bristol police force, for false imprisonment under somewhat extraordinary circumstances. It appeared that his wife, having refused to live with him any longer, was residing with her father at Bristol, and "the Prince," by way of asserting his marital authority, was in the habit of knocking violently at the father's door at all hours of the night, and disturbing the peace of the neighborhood. This conduct becoming unbearable, "the Prince" was given into custody, and hence the action. The proceedings in the Tolsey Court were chiefly interesting for the severe cross-examination to his antecedents to which he was subjected by Mr. J. F. Norris, the learned counsel who appeared for the defendants, and now one of her Majesty's Judges in India. The jury returned a verdict for the defendant Brimble, and for a farthing damages only against the father-in-law, and the Recorder refused to certify for costs.

After this action "the Prince" appears to have



He is brought before the Lord Mayor.

sought solace in foreign travel, and from time to time he was heard of at Cyprus, Constantinople, and eventually a report reached Bristol that he had been shot by the Civil Guard while escaping from a prison in Persia. He was regarded, though not mourned, as dead; but about the middle of last month a gentleman, whom we will designate as Mr. P—, now residing in Philadelphia, but formerly a citizen of Bristol, and an intimate friend of the pseudo prince, observed in the New York *Herald* the following announcement of marriage:

ZACHAROFF-BILLINGS.—At Hotel Madison, Aug. 26, by the Rev. J. Stanley d'Orsay, Zachariah Zacharoff to Jeanne Frances Billings, all of this city."

The name of the bridegroom revived old reminiscences of his former friend, "the Prince," whose bones he had supposed were bleaching on the wilds of Persia. On making inquiries he found that his surmises were correct, that Zachariah Zacharoff, who now describes himself as a count, was no other than his whilom associate, "the Prince." He also learned that he had obtained an *entrée* into the best of New York society, and with a cheerful disregard of the laws of bigamy, had contracted a *ménage à trois* with an American Consul and secured his co-operation.

As soon as the steamer arrived Miss Billings received a polite message from the Consul requesting her attendance at his chambers, where shortly afterward the unsuspecting "Prince" and his bride presented themselves. After a few minutes' conversation with



He is shot in Persia.

the Consul on general topics, the fugitive couple, who had taken the name of Mr. and Mrs. Schwar, were astounded to see Mr. P— and Mr. Jenkins enter the room. "The Prince," equal to the occasion, cried out in broken English:

"That horrid man again! Take him away; he is mad."

But he soon became aware that there was method in his madness when "the Prince's" wife No. 1 appeared from an inner room leaning on the arm of her brother, followed by Detective Inspector Short. Words would fail to describe the astonishment and dismay exhibited by the adventurer when confronted by these startling proofs. For a few minutes only he tried to carry matters with a high hand, but before such overwhelming evidence he succumbed, and, in his own words, had to admit that the game was up.

The unhappy heiress, murmuring, "Don't be too hard upon him," fainted away, and she is now returning to her friends in America, under the charge of Mr. Jenkins.

Perhaps the one morsel of consolation in the sad



And is now dead broke.

Mr. Benson, solicitor, of Bristol, to ascertain the whereabouts of "the Prince's" first wife. Following their telegram in a few hours they, with Mr. Benson's prompt assistance, soon accumulated abundant proof of "the Prince's" perfidy. Mr. Benson had acted for

story is the fact that Miss Billings' trustees had not yet parted with her fortune. As for "the Prince," he hurriedly left the Consul's house, apparently not liking the proximity of Inspector Short.

Miss Billings is the daughter of Mrs. Julia H. Billings, of 272 Madison avenue. She was married without the knowledge of her relatives and in violation of her promise to her mother.

Zacharoff became acquainted with her through her brother-in-law, Irving H. Brown, the broker, whose wife and two children were killed in a railroad accident at Summit, N. J., on Aug. 4. Brown and Zacharoff had crossed from Europe in the same steamer. Zacharoff met all the members of the family, and through their acquaintance attained a respectable social position. His attentions to Miss Billings were noticed in July, and Brown remonstrated with him, while Mrs. Billings told her daughter what folly it would be to marry a man whose antecedents were unknown. Zacharoff promised to do nothing further without informing her family. A few weeks afterward he said that they were engaged. Miss Billings confirmed his statement and said she was going to marry him. Both of them promised to postpone the marriage until Zacharoff should disprove the charges that friends of the family had made that he was a sham count and an adventurer.

At this time the railroad accident happened, and Miss Billings went to Summit to take charge of her brother-in-law's household. While she was there the arrangements for the marriage were perfected. They had intended to be married at a friend's house lower down M. Dixon avenue, but Mrs. Billings heard about it, and told her daughter to wait and be married properly from her own home, if she was resolved to cling to Zacharoff. She consented, but Zacharoff had reason for hurrying up the ceremony. He told Miss Billings that he must sail to Europe immediately to look after his estate. So they were married at the Hotel Madison on the afternoon of Wednesday, Aug. 28, in the presence of two men and a woman. Mrs. Billings, for her daughter's sake, decided to acquiesce in the marriage, and invited the couple to live at her house. They left the hotel on Sept. 1 and went to Mrs. Billings'. On Sept. 5 they sailed suddenly in the steamship *Servia*, from Jersey City for Rotterdam. The *Servia* sailed the same day.

MRS. BRAMWELL'S FLIGHT.

The elopement of Mrs. Bramwell, the wife of J. Arthur Bramwell, the broker, of No. 42 New street, with Clason Graham, who recently stole \$26,000 from Spencer, Trask & Co. of this city, is the topic of conversation in Flushing, L. I. The families of both the runaways occupy prominent positions in the best society of the place. Not a whisper derogatory to either had ever been heard prior to their flight, and the suddenness of the revelations carried consternation into the homes of their friends.

Graham's father and a younger brother arrived home recently from a pleasure trip. They had read the story of Clason Graham's disgrace in the morning papers, but knew nothing whatever of the case beyond what they had learned from that source.

"My father is deeply grieved over the matter," said young Mr. Graham, "and all of us are as anxious for particulars of my brother's whereabouts as you are. He has not communicated with any of the family and we have not the remotest idea where he intends going. He has been an intimate friend of Mr. Arthur Bramwell for a long time, and was naturally upon very friendly terms with that gentleman's wife, but we, in fact nobody in the place, had the least suspicion that it bad gone beyond that."

Mrs. Bramwell is quite a pretty woman of winning address, and was warmly welcomed in the most exclusive circles in the town. Her maiden name was Alice Markham, and she is the daughter of Mr. F. C. Markham, a well known Wall street operator. Both she and young Graham were regular attendants at the services in St. George's Episcopal Church, which earned for the latter a reputation for steadiness and piety among the staid members of Flushing society. The ladies of the place express their astonishment openly that she should have left such a charming home and such a man as Mr. Bramwell to elope with Graham.

THE NEW HAVEN ELOPEMENT.

The Rev. Dr. Harwood's family, of New Haven, have been completely prostrated since the information reached them last week that Miss Honora, their youngest daughter, had eloped with Truman Hemingway, of New York, and was on her way to Europe. No one has been admitted to the presence of the Doctor except his physicians, who, it is stated, find him in a very feeble condition, so great has the blow been.

It has been reported on the authority of a gentleman who has been in a position to know that Honora was averse to the attentions of Mr. Pruy from the very first and had partially engaged herself to her husband. Then Mr. Pruy made her an offer of marriage. She was about to refuse the latter's offer, but her family interposed and urged her to accept. The young lady was impressed with the idea that love in a cottage might be all very well in its way, but that it would fly out of the widow when poverty stalked in through the door.

Thus it was that Miss Honora engaged herself to the Albany millionaire while loving Mr. Hemingway. Her preference for the latter, it seems, ripened into positive disgust for her accepted suitor when she became aware of his relations with the Albany belle, but as she knew that a terrible scene would ensue had she announced to her family that she would not marry him at the last moment she was quite willing to follow the advice of her first love, especially when she learned of his wealth.

MISS LILLIAN'S HUSBAND.

Miss Lillian Norton, better known as Lillian Norton, the operatic vocalist, who married Frederick A. Gower, of Brookline, Mass., some time ago, has gone to Paris to claim Gower's estate, which is valued at \$3,000,000. It is not generally known that Lillian petitioned the court for a separate maintenance from her husband, and praying that she be freed from his control on the ground of abuse. Gov. Gaston, Robert M. Morse and numerous lawyers had the matter in charge. She gave in her statement that she was a native of Maine, and lived there for a number of years, and about fifteen or sixteen months ago married Gower, since which time he has abused her and been a very bad husband in many other respects. She also charged him with infidelity. Gower asked for a postponement in presenting his evidence, to go to Paris, where he went, and went up in a balloon, and nothing has been heard from the balloon or him. Gower made his money in the electric light business, having associated himself with a well known inventor, after which he went to Paris to live.

BASEBALL.

The Merry Men who Decorate the Diamond Field--Their Sayings and Their Doings Frankly and Fairly Set Forth.



ARTHUR H. BELL.

The above cut is a faithful likeness of a faithful man, who was born and brought up in the city of Brooklyn, and one of the best-known men connected with the Polo Grounds of this city. When the Metropolitan Exhibition Company were casting about to find one in whom implicit confidence could be placed for the responsible position of General Superintendent of the grounds and property they were at a loss where to go to secure the services of just such a man as was wanted. A number of men were named, but quiet investigation was made and for sufficient reason each one of them was rejected. At length one of the leading members of the company was told about Mr. Arthur H. Bell. At once he had his whole life secretly canvassed. The report was so favorable that he reported to his associates that Arthur H. Bell was their man. A unanimous vote elected Mr. Bell. Several of the members believed in physiognomy. When, therefore, they saw Mr. Bell and carefully scanned his open, many countenance they declared: "There is an honest man--the noblest work of God." From the moment, then, of Mr. Bell's introduction into his new duties everything was turned over to his care--including every dime of the large gate receipts. The consequence of this confidence has been more than satisfactory. Not only is every penny faithfully covered into the treasury of the company but he devotes his entire time to the best interests of the company as strictly, carefully and economically as he could possibly do. He does everything at the Polo Grounds his own private property. His faithfulness, urbanity and carefulness are proverbial, and have long since caused the Metropolitan Exhibition Company to congratulate themselves upon having secured the services of so true a man as is Mr. Arthur H. Bell.

President Byrnes has cut the string which tied Hayes to the Brooklyn Club, and Jack has been cast adrift.

The Hartfords are probably the only baseball club who have disbanded this season with all their obligations met, the back salaries of their players paid, and a snug little sum stowed away as a nest egg for next season.

The St. Louis people are preparing to give the coming champions of the American Association a grand blow out on their return home from their present eastern trip, when they will carry with them the highest honors which can be bestowed upon them by the American Association.

A hungry looking tramp sat in the Park and slugged his shoulders as he laid the *POLICE GAZETTE* down with a sigh, and said: "Oh! that I were a baseball pitcher, and could knock out the Chicago, New York, or some of those other big ball clubs, and get a nice, warm winter overcoat like Fer uson, Buffinton, Radburn and those other fellows are doing."

Old Cal. McTey is still on the turf, and he now makes his appearance as manager of the Central Athletic Park, San Francisco. All this business about his owning a vineyard and great stock farm was all moonshine. Cal. only had a job at picking grapes and pruning the vines, and the stock farm consisted of a male he used to cart the grapes to town with.

About the toughest crowd in the world to get along with are the down-east Yankees on a small scale. They have no end to amuse professional baseball leagues, and the men controlling them are as petty as the leagues themselves; and this season they have devoted more attention to hiring, abusing and discharging umpires than they have to ball playing.

It is too bad that the people of Du Quoin, Ill., were disappointed Sept. 16, when the Mosquitos and San J-Files failed to put in an appearance at Red Stockings Park. They were to have played for a keg of cider and a roll of gingerbread, and it is feared that both teams came to grief at the hands of the Indians, as the Metropolitans have been acting very suspiciously of late.

The Athletics, of Philadelphia, crumbled all up into little pieces Sept. 16, when the St. Louis Club knocked them out to the tune of 15 to 6. Billy Sharig was taking a bird's-eye view from the Observatory at Coney Island when he heard the news of the disastrous defeat of his club, and it gave him such a fright that he fell clear down through his collar into his shoes, and has not fully recovered since.

Lack of financial support resulted in the death of one of the very best clubs in the Eastern League, the Virginias of Richmond, who so proudly stood at the head of the list until they were compelled to sell two of their finest players, Nash and Johnson, to the Boston club, in order to keep alive for a few

weeks longer. This ended in their dropping to second place, but as matters grew worse instead of better they were obliged to pass in their checks. High salaries did it, and unless some steps are taken by the various associations in the way of cutting down the salary list baseball will come to a speedy termination.

Since the Metropolitans have made up their minds that they won't get a release no matter how badly they play, they have taken a grand drop, have settled down to business and are playing ball as they should have played it all through the season, and playing just such ball as would have won the championship for them if they had settled down to work in the spring instead of the fall. They had high ideas, however, of securing their releases so they could play with other clubs who had offered them more money. They have been approached by more managers than any other team in the United States.

Among the many excuses offered for the bad playing of the Providence Club, made by Providence papers and club officials, is that the umpiring of Decker was so bad as to cause the players to lose heart and they have been playing poorly ever since. This is simply horseshoe. Decker resigned some time ago, and if the Providence players are still affected by his work then, they are a set of infants. It is not so, however. Why not own up, and say the boys lost heart because of the meagerly support they received at home, and because of the lishing they got from press and people if they happened to lose game, or if one player had a bad streak of luck? The people of Providence are themselves to blame for their team not making a better exhibition. --*Boston Herald*.

The celebrated wind bubble has burst. It created quite a breeze throughout baseball circles when the news got abroad that the Detroit management had bought the League franchise of the Buffalo club, and that the "big tour," Rowe, Richardson, White and Brothers were to play with the Detroit club during the remainder of the year. Mr. John D. Day, President of the New York Club, sat upon the scheme in a pretty lively manner, as he telegraphed all the League clubs, as well as President Young of the League, that the movement was illegal and in violation of the Saratoga agreement. In addition to this he sent a telegram to Mutrie not to play against the Detroit if the Buffalo men were in the team. The action of the Detroit club was openly condemned by a majority of the League clubs, and the result was that the "big tour" had to return to Buffalo, and the Detroit were left with \$12,000 worth of franchises on their hands.

Of all the failures in the sporting world the Providence Baseball Club is at present as near the worst as any one can desire. Starting out early in the season with a nine which won the championship the year before, and with many of the best individual players in the League, it has grown less efficient from day to day until now it is one of the poorest playing League teams in the baseball field. The members have seemingly forgotten how to bat and some of them cannot or will not play. There are signs of laxity in the management, which has allowed the players to indulge too freely in drinking, to the great injury of the playing. The people of Providence, who have given a willing support to the club, have failed during the season to attend the games and have given little encouragement to the players. There is a screw loose somewhere, but where it is difficult to tell. At any rate the nine, aided by such amateur players as can be picked up, is making a drible exhibition of ball-playing. As the end of the season approaches, the indications grow stronger that Providence next season will not be represented in the League. --*Newport Daily News*.

THE CHICAGO CHAMPIONS.

[With Portraits and Illustrations.]

On two of our most prominent pages will be found an elegant design, with portraits of the champions of the diamond field in the National League for this year, also an illustration of the exciting game between the New York and Chicago teams at the latter's headquarters in Chicago. The struggle for the National League championship was between eight clubs--the Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, Providence, Boston, Detroit, Buffalo and St. Louis. The championship was determined on Thursday, when the Chicago players had won three out of the final four games with the New York Club, the two clubs having been close together in the race. This is the tenth year of the existence of the Chicago Club. It has always ranked well among the professional baseball organizations of the country, and has won the championship five out of ten times. The winning years were 1876, 1880, 1881, 1882. The Providence Club led the others 1879 and 1881, and the Boston won the championship in 1877 and 1883.

A BRUTAL OUTRAGE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

A report comes from Clay Court House, West Virginia, of the inhuman beating of a young woman named Miss Nancy Hoover by a mob of a dozen or fifteen masked men. The crime is presumed to have been committed on Oct. 1, just about midnight, and the location of the outrage was on what is known as Blue Mountain, about four or five miles from the county seat. About 1 o'clock in the morning the mob, all the members of which were masked and well armed, aroused Mr. Hoover from his sleep and told him they had come for his daughter. The frightened father in vain protested and endeavored to obtain some explanation of the purpose of his midnight visitors, but it was of no avail, and the girl was taken from her bed and carried a mile or so into the woods. There she was bound to a tree and whipped terribly with hickory switches. The girl pleaded in the most heartrending manner with her scoundrel captors, but to no purpose, and when left alone was in an insensible condition. The mob is thought to have been made up of friends and relatives of a married woman who had a suspicion that an undue intimacy existed between the husband and Miss Hoover, but this suspicion has not yet been confirmed.

ANNE SUTHERLAND.

[With Portrait.]

This week we publish a capital picture of Miss Annie Sutherland, a charming English girl who is now playing one of the sisters in "Adonis" at the Bijou Opera House on Broadway.

Any person unable to buy this paper from their newspaper can have it forwarded from this office at the rate of \$1.00 for three months.

AN UNGRATEFUL SCOUNDREL.

George Bessendorf Murders the Wife of his Benefactor and then Suicides.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On the evening of Saturday, Oct. 3, the bodies of a man and woman were found in Central Park. Pistol shots and the flash of powder about 7:30 o'clock startled Park Policeman William Dugan as he paced the drive near the gate at Fifth avenue and Seventy-second street. It was already dark, and wayfarers, like the riders on the road, had almost all disappeared from that part of the Park. The shots came from the center of the grass plot behind the big bronze statue of the Pilgrim, about 25 feet from it and 50 feet from the drive on the east side of the meadow. The three shots came close together, and were followed by a fourth, which sounded while Dugan was hurrying toward the spot. He found two forms stretched upon the grass, a woman, dead, and a man who died as he looked. They had apparently been sitting together there on a coarse black and bronze plush lap robe. One pistol, a 32-calibre bulldog six-shooter, lay so that it showed that the man had shot the woman and then shot himself.

The couple were Germans of decent and respectable appearance, and traces of an effort at holiday making bedecked what was evidently their Sunday attire. The woman's black silk dress was trimmed with black velvet, her beaded black jersey had a neat nosegay at the throat, and the left hand was squeezed into a black kid glove. Her neat black straw hat was high crowned, as of recent purchase, and an amber-handled and silk umbrella completed her equipment. She seemed like an industrious German servant, long enough in this country to have acquired the art and earned the means of making a very good appearance. Her face was of the heavy German type that in death was not particularly attractive. The man was just as carefully dressed in his best--a black suit and black derby hat. The care that he had taken in his appearance was indicated by a buttonhole bouquet that matched the woman's. His left hand was also gloved. Near the bodies was found a small paper collar box tied up and addressed: "To the Coroner of the City of New York."

It proved to be full of letters that furnished a key to the tragedy. The woman was not recognized until 1:30 P. M. next day.

While Deputy Coroners Jenkins, Conway and Donlin were making an autopsy, a man hastily entered, and after looking upon the features of the dead couple declared that he knew them both. The woman was the wife of Dr. Edmund L. Koch, editor of the New Jersey *Free Press*, published at No. 49 Pavonia avenue, Jersey City Heights. The man said that he was himself well acquainted with Dr. Koch and his wife, but asked Dr. Jenkins to conceal his name, as it might be injurious to him to have it published. He said that Mrs. Koch left her husband's house, in which the publication office of his newspaper is located, on Monday last, saying that she was going to a dry goods store. She kissed her four children, the oldest of whom is a boy thirteen years of age, and went away. That was the last her family saw of her alive.

When Dr. Koch was seen he talked freely and fully of the terrible affair. He said that he and his wife were married sixteen years ago and they had four children. One of the children died, but the other three, two boys and a girl, are living. The oldest is a boy of thirteen, the next a boy of eleven and the youngest a girl of six. Dr. Koch is about fifty years old and his wife was thirty-eight. The doctor said: "Bessendorf came to me about four months ago with a letter of introduction from my friend, Dr. Carl Sledhof, of Union Hill. Dr. Sledhof requested me to find employment for the young man, and finding him possessed of some intelligence I took him into my office and offered to teach him the art of type-setting. I also gave him a room in my own house and treated him as one of the family. He had been with me only a few days when he began to practice his devilish arts upon my wife, and I soon discovered that she was completely infatuated with him and that he had her completely under his control.

"When their intimacy became so noticeable that the children and the neighbors began to observe it, I remonstrated with Maria and I also spoke to Bessendorf. They both assured me that they had not been guilty of anything criminal, and they even signed a paper to that effect in the presence of witnesses. They admitted that they loved each other, but declared that their love was pure and sinless. In order to avoid making a scandal they promised to treat each other as strangers for the future. I believe they meant to keep their promise, but in a short time they resumed their former relations, and spent a great deal of time together, notwithstanding my remonstrances. Finally I sent Bessendorf away and gave him the recommendation that was found upon him in order that he might get employment elsewhere. Before he went away both he and my wife promised to give each other up and I thought the trouble was at an end. But I was mistaken.

"I soon discovered that they were corresponding with each other and that my eldest boy carried the letters. I questioned him about it one day and he denied it. Then I whipped him for telling me a lie. I only struck him half a dozen times with a little cowhide whip, but while I was doing it my wife threw herself on the floor and begged of me not to do it, as the fault was hers and not the boy's. I struck her with my hand, but I didn't hurt her and she didn't seem to mind it. This was on last Sunday. On Monday morning I went to Newark to collect some bills, and when I came back I learned from my son that Bessendorf came to the house, at least to the back gate, and my wife invited him in. He begged and implored her to go away with him, and threatened to shoot himself if she refused. My son heard her say to him that she did not care whether he shot himself or not; she would not go with him. There was quite a scene and Bessendorf finally went away, declaring that he would kill himself.

"Two hours after my wife put on her silk dress, something that she was not in the habit of doing on weekdays as she had several other dresses, and told the children that she was going to the dressmaker's on Hoboken avenue. I have not seen her since. The next day I informed the police of her disappearance. On Wednesday I heard that she and Bessendorf intended to sail for Germany on the steamer which sailed from Hoboken on that day. I went to the pier, but they were not there. Then I heard that they would sail on the Bremen steamer on Saturday, and I went there only to be again disappointed. I heard nothing further about them until this morning when I read the story of the tragedy in the papers and learned that my poor wife was murdered by that infamous scoundrel."

Dr. Koch opened a drawer in the desk and showed the reporter a picture of his wife with her brother standing by her side. Dr. Koch said that his wife's brother, who owns a farm in the western part of New York State, wrote a letter to her about a month ago in which he said he had a presentment that he or she would die soon, and he would come on and see her. He did pay her a visit about two weeks ago and remained three or four days. The doctor said that his wife was mentally weak and that Bessendorf was not the first man that she had gone away with.

THE IRISH CHAMPION ATHLETIC TEAM.

[With Portraits.]

In this issue we publish a portrait of the Dublin, Ireland, team of athletes who recently arrived in this country to compete in the athletic games. The team are: W. J. M. Barry, Queen's College, Cork, A. C. John Purcell, Civil Service Harriers, Dublin; E. J. Walsh, Lansdowne F. C.; R. E. Sproule, late Dublin University A. U.; Owen Harte, Harbour Boat Club, Wexford; Daniel Delaney Bulger, Dublin University A. U.; G. D. Christian, City and Suburban Harriers, Dublin; M. J. Hayes, Limerick A. C.; J. E. Hussey, Tralee.

The Great Northern Railway Terminus, Amiens street, was the scene of one of the most remarkable episodes in the history of Irish athletics. It was the occasion of the departure of a team of Irish athletes for America, with the primary object of winning the championships of Canada, and with the secondary but well-defined purpose of adding to their Dominion victories the championships of the United States. The team were banded together in a manner hitherto unknown in any country, and equipped for such an enterprising expedition.

Mr. Frederick Gallagher, the editor of the *Dublin Sport*, while sitting at the Press table on the Southport Athletic Ground, while the championships of England were being decided, observed, on the back of his programme, a prospectus of the Canadian championships set for decision at Toronto on the 28th September 1885. The idea at once struck him that it would be a splendid thing to take a team of Irishmen out there, and try what they could do in competition with their fellow-subjects of the Dominion. The idea had scarcely struck him till he saw it was feasible. Why not? There that day at Southport, at the championship meeting of the country which of all others "goes in" for athleticism of every kind, no less than three victories were wrested from all comers by a small team of five Irishmen. No sooner had he returned home than with characteristic energy, he set the project on foot and opened a subscription list to defray the expenses of the team. They competed in Canada with fair success and also in this country proving themselves first-class athletes.

ARTHUR GROVER.

[With Portrait.]

In the latter part of April the body of a murdered man was found at Stony Ridge, O., a small village fourteen miles south of Toledo. The face had been pummeled beyond recognition, and the deranged shape of his garments showed that robbery had evidently been the motive. Everything that would help to identify the body was taken except the socks, which had "Loomis" written on them and had evidently been overlooked by the murderer. It was known that a Granville Loomis had left Ashtabula, driving a horse and buck-board wagon, in company with Arthur Grover. Both Grover and the horse and wagon were missing. Sheriff Brown, of Wood county, started a diligent search and after three weeks found Grover in Menominee, Wis., having the horse and wagon and also Loomis' life insurance policy in his possession. He was brought back to the County Jail at Bowling Green, O., where he is now awaiting trial, having been charged with murder.

LUCKY SMOCK.

Mr. O. Smock, another Leavenworth man, has been made happy by The Louisiana State Lottery, who had one-fifth of the \$75,000 prize in the drawing of the 8th inst. About five years ago Mr. Johnson of this city, a poor man, drew a prize of \$6,000 (in the Louisiana State Lottery) which he invested to good advantage and is now in easy circumstances.

Mr. Smock sent his ticket, one-fifth of No. 50,434, through the Wells Fargo Express Company's agent, to M. A. Dauphin, New Orleans, for collection and received (\$15,000) "all done up" in thousand dollar packages. After seeing that it was all secure, he slipped away quietly and with his brother went out into the country to look for a farm, but finding none to suit, concluded to go to New Mexico and purchase a ranch. He always had confidence in The Louisiana State Lottery--was a poor but honest man, and his lucky hit he considers a Godsend, as it will, by judicious investment, make him comfortable for life. --*Leavenworth (Kas.) Times*, Sept. 27.

WHIPPED BY A JUDGE.

[Subject of Illustration.]

While Judge Rountree was making out the commitment of John Kennedy Sept. 20 the prisoner attempted to clean out the court room. He was seized by a constable and a desperate struggle ensued. Kennedy was getting the better of the officer when the judge, having finished the writing of the commitment, descended from the bench, and, removing his coat, took a hand in the row. Judge Rountree is noted for his physical prowess and soon succeeded in subduing the prisoner, who, at the end of the melee, was in the condition of a knocked-out pugilist. The judge then reascended the bench and imposed an additional sentence of thirty days' imprisonment on Kennedy for contempt of court.

MARY ALLEN.

[With Portrait.]

This smoked maiden held the position of nurse in the family of Emanuel De Ray, at Allegheny, Pa. On the 26th of August last Mary desired to attend a picnic. Permission being refused her she set to work and compounded a mixture of oatmeal and "Rough on Raisins." This she served to the baby and three fellow servant girls. The baby died the following day. The girls had a very close call. Mary is awaiting her trial in jail.

THE HORSEFORD ALMANAC AND COOK BOOK mailed free on application to the Rumford Chemical Works, Providence, R. I.



THE MONARCHS

THE CHICAGO BASEBALL TEAM WHO HAVE

I.—A. G. Spalding, President II.—A. C. Anson, Captain and First Base. III.—John G. Clarkson, Pitcher. IV.—J. McCormick, Change Pitcher. V.—M. J. Kelly, O.
XI.—Wm. M. Sunday, Right Field and Substitute. XII.—Thomas E. Burns, S.



THE DIAMOND FIELD.

THE NATIONAL LEAGUE CHAMPIONSHIP OF AMERICA.

I.—F. S. Flint, Change Catcher. VII.—E. N. Williamson, Third Base. VIII.—George F. Gore, Center Field. IX.—A. DaIrymple, Left Field. X.—Fred, Pfeffer, Second Base.
III.—The Deciding Game Between the Chicago and New York Clubs at the Former's Park.

[OCT. 17, 1885.]

PUGILISTIC NEWS.

A Close and Accurate Resume of the Arienic Events of the Week.

Jim Fell wants to meet Jack Dempsey to a finish with 3-ounce gloves.

J. F. Dorman, of Minneapolis, and Wylie, of Winnipeg, are to have another tilt in a few weeks.

Patsy Cardiff finally says he will box Tom Cannon if Patsy will put up a forfeit. Butler was notified, and there is little doubt that by the end of the week he will be heard from. He is in Montana.

George A. Edwards, the well-known pugilist, has opened the first-class sporting resort corner of Miner and Second streets, Yr ka, Cal. He has named it the "Police Gazette" Sheds. Any sporting man visiting Yr ka should call on Edwards, whose resort is the sporting headquarters of Yreka.

On Sept. 23 Duke Tanner and Tom Shumann fought with gloves according to London prize ring rules, for a purse in a full new Rochester, N. Y. Patrik Slattery backed Shumann and Frank Ruby, of the Bull's Head, backed Tanner. Two rounds were fought in 6 minutes. Ruby declared Shumann the winner. Patsy Slattery seconded Shumann and Johnny Lowe seconded Tanner.

In Grati, Preble county, Ohio, there is a boxer many have an idea of climbing the pugilistic ladder for the championship. He is 27 years of age, stands 5 feet 1 inch in height and a trained weight 186 pounds. He has written to Richard K. Fox to procure him a trainer and has decided to meet all comers within the roped arena according to the orthodox style for weight, fame and glory.

Alexander Masters recently issued a challenge offering to box George Klein, of Williamsburg, Queensbury rules, to a finish, for \$100 to \$250 a side. Alexander's boxer agreed to box at the POLICE GAZETTE office on Oct. 1 to arrange the match. Klein was on hand with his backer, Joe Hiser, Jr., but neither Masters nor his backer put in an appearance. Hiser proved that he was earnest, for he left \$100 forfeit with Richard K. Fox and agreed to meet Klein again at Masters' any time within a week.

The following visitors called at this office during the past week: James H. Robinson, Billy Oliver, D. M. Keller, Dr. Trux, John Hickman, Bob Smith, Joe Ryan, wrestler, John McHugh, Jack Benton, Billy Madden, Matsuda Sorakichi, Al Melbourne, Geo. Young; J. F. James, Chicago, Ill.; John T. Carson, Peter F. Clausen, Geo. Anderson; M. E. Earle, Jersey City; J. W. Ferguson; Patrick Smith, Philadelphia, Pa.; Charles Minat, Chicago, Ill.; Wm. Cummins, Mr. Judson, Mr. Cunningham, Joe Fowler, Edward Malahan, D. J. Stelhart, Jim Connors.

About two thousand people witnessed the glove contest between Jack Burke, the "Irish Lad," and John P. Chow, the local champion, at the Opera House, Denver, Col., on Oct. 1. Several local celebrities had invited the audience for an hour or more when Sheriff Graham announced that Burke and Chow would be arrested if a single knock-out blow was given and directed the contestants not to use other than 3-ounce gloves. All bets were then declared off. Burke announced that any person living him to be a party to a hippodrome could get their money at the door. Four rounds were then fought, Burke in each showing his immense superiority over Chow. No decision was given.

Articles were signed recently for a fistie encounter between Joe Lanan, of South Boston, Mass., and Patsy Mellin, of Minneapolis, on Sunday, Oct. 11, 1885. The match is to be under the Marquis of Queensbury rules to a finish, with small hand gloves, for \$250 a side, the winner to take all excursion money and the champion silver belt, now held by Jim Allen, of Valley City, Dak. The winner of the belt must hold it against all comers and defend the title of the champion of the Northwest, winning it three times. Pat Conley was chosen as stakeholder, and \$100 deposited with him by representatives of each of the two principals. The match is to take place within 25 miles of Minneapolis, the referee to be chosen three days before the fight. John S. Barnes represents Lanan and Patsy Cardiff for Mellin.

On Sept. 10 a glove contest between Mike Morrissey and Edward Saunders, alias "Nigger" Watson, at Trenton, N. J., on the Bonn Brook Railroad, N. J., attracted a motley crowd of sports, who applauded and otherwise encouraged their respective favorites during the mill. A prominent Trenton saloon keeper acted as referee, and the fight was for a purse of \$100, according to the Marquis of Queensbury rules. The contestants are both under thirty years of age, and weigh about 185 pounds each. Saunders is the more compactly built, and was better trained than his antagonist. Morrissey was pulled severely, and it is reported that they will soon meet again. Morrissey was the favorite at the start, odds being laid on his winning. His backers believe that if the fight had continued he would have been the victor, but darkness necessitated its being decided a draw when 6 rounds had been fought. Arrests are threatened, and the Grand Jury may be called upon to take action on the affair.

Our Post-Office.—Letters lying at this office will be forwarded on receipt of stamped envelope, self-addressed. Gen. B. Bunnell, P. T. Barnum, John P. Chow, Judge J. L. Croth, Col. Cunningham, Andrew M. Clark, William Dolaney, John Fitzgerald, James W. Fullbrook (2), Clarence Whistler, Joe Coburn, Chas. E. Greene, Edward M. Gross, Frank White, Denis Hanley (2), Jack Murphy, Tom Hall, J. Elwin Irving, H. M. Johnson, Robt. Ingerson, Samuel Irvine, M. E. Kittleman, W. W. Bauer, Miss May Tobin (2), John J. Liden, P. J. McIneny, John McMahon, Jos. A. Montrose, Noah McKinney, Jess Mac (2), Patsy Murphy, G. B. Morris, Eph. Morris, Geo. Noremac, John S. Prince, Tom Ward, John Teemer, Jerome B. Bag, M. E. Kittleman, Prof. John Smith, Buffalo Bill, James Felt, Theo. Dobbins, James Burns, Geo. W. Howe, Charley McCoy, Miles McNally, J. S. Taylor, Paddy Ryan, Marcellus Baker, Jerry Dunn, Alf'd Trumbull (2), Adam Forough, Mart Malone, Michael Sherry, Daniel Kane, Amos J. Cummings, John E. Golding, Fells Rey, J. H. Brechin, Mr. Chomay, Chinese dwarf; Geo. Young, A. A. Quinn.

At Streator, Ill., on Sept. 24 there was a desperate glove contest between Paddy Welch, of Chicago, and Billy Myer, of Streator, Ill. The men were to box four rounds according to Queensbury rules for a purse and the gate money. The affair attracted a large crowd and great interest was manifested over the affair. The men squared about evenly, there being but little difference in weight, though Myer is much the best built man. When time was called both men bounded into the middle of the ring, and it took but a short time for Myer to find an opening. He reached a right for Welch's face and I found it all there. The blow was a stinger and one, and Myer received considerable applause for making the first effective hit. Myer pushed the fight from the start, and inside of the two minutes in which they fought Welch was downed twice and knocked through the ropes, and off the platform. Failing to come to time in ten seconds the fight was awarded to Myer. During the round Myer did not receive a telling blow, but kept rousing them so rapidly on his adversary that it was evident to all that Welch was no match for the Streator boy in the matter of strength or science. Charley Hersey of Decatur, Ill., was referee.

The much talked of fight between Prof. Dutchiey and Phil Daws took place at the Bijou theatre, Seattle, Wyo. Ty., on Sept. 20, in the presence of a large crowd of people, most, if not all, of whom were disappointed. John Hawks and Thomas Palmer seconded Daws, and Alexander Stewart and Billy Hall were seconds for "Dutchiey." Harry Morgan was chosen referee, and Tommy Clancy and Billy Stevenson timekeepers. Daws entered the ring first, closely followed by "Dutchiey." Both men were greeted with applause. Daws wore white knee pants, black stockings, a red and blue sac and rubbers. "Dutchiey" wore white knee pants, bare calves, short stockings, canvas shoes and a white sac. "Dutchiey" won the toss, and took the northwest corner. The gloves were regulation 3-ounce gloves.

Round 1—Dutchiey led off with his right, catching his adversary on the side of the head, knocking him to his knees. Daws came up quickly, and it was plain to see that he would force the fighting. The men clinched and fell, got up, clinched again and fell. At the end of this round "Dutchiey" had the best of the fight and most everyone thought he would win.

Round 2—When time was called Daws came to the center much fresher than his antagonist, and commenced forcing the fight from the beginning, and drove his adversary on to the ropes several times.

The remainder of the three minutes were taken up in wrestling and rolling about the floor.

Round 3—It was apparent from the start that this round would end the fight. Daws seemed quite fresh, while "Dutchiey" was groggy, and apparently about played out, one of his arms hanging by his side. The men clinched and fell. Both got to their feet in time. The same thing occurred again, and both came to time, the Professor assisting himself by the ropes. The two came together again, and fell. This time "Dutchiey" failed to come to time, and the fight was announced in favor of Daws by the referee.

The following explains itself:

BURGESSPORT, Conn., Oct. 4, 1885.

To the Sporting Editor:

Mr. La Blanche, the Marine, and his friends made great talk in Boston and elsewhere, before he met McCoy, about what he was going to do when the fight come off. McCoy was to be knocked out in three rounds in great style, but did he do it? As it was, had the two men been bare knuckles the result would have been even more disastrous for the big one, as McCoy demonstrated to the experts present that he was master of the situation all the way through, and could and did hit him when and where he wanted to his pleasure, and every time the Marine was hit he knew it. Can any one doubt after seeing the fight that McCoy was the pluckiest fighter, against big odds, that ever stood up in a ring? Where is the man of McCoy's weight who can stand the bunting the Marine gave him—and it cannot be disputed as to the bunting McCoy received—without flinching and retorting? It by bunting the Marine hit around the ring? Bunting the bunting he caught on the head McCoy showed no punishment at. And then, again, whenever they would clinch McCoy would break away, taking no advantage of him, just to show the big one what he could do with him. The Marine never stood up before a good man before he met McCoy. His friends made feel disappointed with him after his bad showing after so much bouting about downing McCoy in three rounds. His people, who were so completely wrapped up in him, said that after he licked McCoy there was but one other worthy of him, and that was John L. Sullivan. Now, won't the Marine and his friends brace up a little and undertake to give some other good one the same difference in weight as McCoy gave him, then we will be better able to judge the capabilities of the Marine. McCoy has been fighting men all his life heavier than himself and has never been beaten once, nor has he ever objected to the extra weight. Will the Marine?

JOHN MORAN.

There was a hotly contested glove contest at North Adams, Mass., on Oct. 3. Billy Frazier, of Boston, light-weight champion of America, and Jiminy Carroll, of Holyoke, champion light-weight of New England, had a sparing exhibition in which the honors were easy. Considerable rivalry has existed between them for some time past, and in the first round a number of hard blows were exchanged. When the men retired to their corners Carroll seemed to be laboring for breath, probably because of a blow to his stomach with Frazier's left. When time was called for the second round both men came forward. Carroll turned and fell and the crowd went wild, thinking he had been knocked down by Frazier. But he was quickly helped to his feet by Frazier, and the round was finished mid-shouts and yells from the audience. In the third round both men began to get angry, and each tried hard to get in a knock-down blow. After the third round Carroll seemed to be badly wounded, catching breath with difficulty, and he also had trouble with his stomach. The fourth and last round brought out all the science both men possessed, each fighting shy for a moment or two, when Frazier landed a fierce blow on Carroll's mouth, which was responded to with a stinger squarely between Frazier's eyes. This roused the ire of both, and all through the round they fought like tigers, each raining blow after blow upon the face, neck and body of his antagonist. Time was called, but the men paid no heed and had to be separated by the referee. Both men were anxious for another round, but were not allowed to come together. Carroll came forward and said that after his exhibition clog dances, given early in the evening, he had been troubled for wind; he would, however, wager any amount from \$100 up that he could whip any man in America weighing 150 pounds, Frazier preferred. After this speech Frazier came forward and said he would meet Carroll in two weeks from this time. Further, that he would fight any man in the world weighing 153 pounds or less.

On Oct. 5 "Tom" Gillespie, of Philadelphia, and Jack Sheridan, of Chicago, fought according to the rules of the London prize ring, with gloves, for \$500 near Syracuse, N. Y. The ring was erected on the underbrush, and on the line between Onondaga and Oswego counties. Gillespie weighed 165 pounds in fighting costume. Sheridan's weight was 165 pounds. J. Doyle was Sheridan's second, and Tom Hall, of Rochester, acted in that capacity for Gillespie. A sporting man of this city was chosen as referee and a prominent saloon keeper acted as timekeeper. Sheridan won the toss for corners, and took the higher one. At 5:15 A. M. the men shook hands and went at it.

Round 1—Both sparred cautiously, and then Gillespie led with a tap on Sheridan's body, which was followed by a neat hit on Gillespie's forehead, staggering him.

Round 2—Gillespie planted a heavy blow on Sheridan's nose, drawing blood. The round closed with clinching and ineffective blows on both sides.

Round 3—Sheridan rushed at Gillespie and aimed an ugly blow at his body, but it was countered, Sheridan receiving telling body blows and one between his eyes, which began swelling rapidly. Sheridan went to his corner showing weakness.

Round 4—Gillespie forced the fighting, but was gamely met by Sheridan, who planted a right-hander, and followed it up with a left-hander. No blood had yet been drawn on the latter, while Sheridan was becoming rather wild, owing to his swollen eyes.

Round 5—This round opened with light sparring. Gillespie made a rush at Sheridan, who grappled and threw him heavily. The men were parried, both pretty well wined. They sparred wildly until Sheridan got in a telling blow on Gillespie's left ear. Gillespie staggered and fell on the ropes, ending the round.

Round 6—When they faced for this round Sheridan did his best condition and did his opponent, although his face bore signs of punishment. Sheridan opened with a body blow and followed it up with a ringing hit in the same quarter. Gillespie rushed at Sheridan, backed him into his corner, and knocked him over the ropes with a ferocious hit on the jugular. Time was called for the seventh round, but Sheridan failed to get up, and Gillespie was declared the winner.

A desperate fistie encounter was decided at Beck's Bar, near Pittsburgh, Pa., on Oct. 2, between James Donnelly, of New York, and Edward Berry, of New Haven. The fight was for \$250 a side, London prize ring rules. The affair was conducted so quietly that less than fifty persons saw the mill. The principals were total strangers to each other. Berry was much the smaller man, while Donnelly has a magnificent physique at once made him the favorite in the betting. At 1 A. M. Billy Cleary and Jack Lynch stepped into the ring with Donnelly, and a moment afterward Ed. Thomas and Conner Maloney escorted Berry into the squared circle. Harry Horner, of Philadelphia, was chosen referee. The hollow in which the ring was placed was as black as the vale in the infernal regions. The only light that served to dissipate the inky darkness came from some improvised torches and miners' lamps. In the glare of torches the fighters and their seconds looked like striped demons issuing from beneath the trees. Twenty-five dollars were freely offered on Donnelly, and several bets were made. Berry weighed 150 pounds, and Donnelly was about 145 pounds lighter. Donnelly, after a little arm-wrestling, led off, but missed, and received a warmer on the left ear. A few exchanges followed, in which Berry pounded Donnelly's ribs, while the latter "handed" the New Haven man round the neck. Berry, by good wrestling, threw Donnelly heavily. In the second round Donnelly again led off, but missed the artful Berry, who let his right fly, landing it on Donnelly's neck. Some face-hitting followed, and Berry again showed superior fighting, and threw Donnelly violently, falling on him. In the third round Donnelly again led off, but was miserably short. His left ear suffered again, he received a blow on the face, a hot one on the mouth and was punished generally on the ribs and stomach, and at the end of the round was again thrown by Berry. Berry was much the favorite, at the beginning of the fourth round. He again waited for Donnelly's lead, dodged it, and banged Donnelly on the neck. Heavy short-armed blows followed, in which Berry showed his strength and science. Donnelly fought savagely, but received much more than he gave. Berry was quick and powerful, after giving some strong "rib reminders," threw Donnelly heavily. When Berry was taken in by his seconds his left eye was blinded by white pepper. The clause was allowed, and a row followed. Berry's eye was seriously affected this morning, and the doctors think he may lose the sight of it.

Do not forget that any person who is unable to buy this paper in their town can have it forwarded direct from this office at the rate of \$1.00 for three months.

SPORTING NEWS.

It is intended that this department shall be a summary of all the sporting news and gossip current in the United States. Every reader of the POLICE GAZETTE is cordially invited to contribute such information of this kind as he may acquire in his neighborhood.

The Puritan is docked at Salem, Mass.

The dog fight between the dogs Pincher and Brandy was decided near Syracuse recently. Brandy won in 20 minutes.

The 115 yards race for \$500 between M. C. Murphy of Natick and F. McQuiggin was decided at Brockton, Mass., and Murphy won by 1 foot. Time, 114 seconds.

E. P. Ashe, of California, will match the three-year-old colt Alta against any three-year-old in America for \$2,000 a side, to run a mile and three-quarters or two miles at Baltimore on a good day and track.

The 4-round contest between John C. Hagerty, of Lewiston, Me., and Jack Welch was decided at Lewiston rec nty. In the fourth round Hagerty's seconds threw up the sponge and the referee awarded the stakes and fight to Welch.

Henry Himesman, the well-known carman, of Stockton, Cal., has been training for his race with T. Flynn, of the Pioneer Club of San Francisco, which is to decide whether the city by the slough or San Francisco has the champion steamer.

Recently the Ringer Football Club, of Berlin, Ont., elected these officers: President, D. E. Dewar; vice-presidents, Drs. Bingham and Wells; secretary and treasurer, F. W. Shepard; corresponding secretary, R. Reid; captain, D. Forsyth.

Articles of agreement have been signed between Mat Acton and Benny Jones to wrestle in Scranton Oct. 12 for \$250 a side, catch-as-catch-can, weight 150 pounds. Either man weighing more than 150 pounds forfeits all claims. Richard K. Fox is final stakeholder.

On Oct. 5 the 100-mile race of the Boston Bicycle Club was won by George Weber in 6 hours and 57 minutes, breaking the world's record by 14 minutes and the best American record by 1 hour and 29 minutes. Ives came in second, in 7:05:10; McCurdy third, 7:05 seconds.

The Inter-Collegiate Foot-ball League this year includes Wesleyan, University of Pennsylvania, Princeton and Yale, the opposition on the part of Harvard's faculty preventing that college from being represented, leaving the championship pennant to be fought between Yale and Princeton.

William Muldoon, the champion Greco-Roman wrestler, has issued a challenge to Bibby, Whistler, Acton, or any man in the world, the best of three or five falls, at any style. If styles differ, half to be that of each man, and the odd bout to be tossed to the master to take place in St. Louis.

Arrangements are being made for an international six-day-as-you-please race to take place in this city between George Littlewood and Charles Rowell. It is expected the race will be left open to all who desire to enter, and that Fitzgerald and the balance of the long-distance pedestrians will compete. Mr. Peter Duryea will have full management of the affair.

We have received the following:

DETROIT, Oct. 5, 1885.

To the Sporting Editor:
I hereby challenge anyone to swing Indian clubs on roller skates for the championship of the United States, and any sum they may mention. If there are any professionals in this line I would be pleased to hear from them, and will try to arrange a match.

PROF. HAWLEY.

The Football Association of the University of Pennsylvania has elected the following officers for the ensuing year: Wm. C. Posey, '86, president; George Frazier, vice-president; Messrs. R. L. Butter, '86, and H. A. Cobb, managers of the football team and secretary and treasurer, respectively; Messrs. Hester, 86, Frazier, '87, Brinton, '88, and Bunney, '89, board of directors. The class matches will begin next week.

The following explains itself:

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 5, 1885.

To the Sporting Editor:
I will wager any sum from \$300 to \$500 that I can throw Matsuda Sorakichi, the Japanese champion wrestler, five times in one hour, catch-as-catch-can. I have posted \$100 with Richard K. Fox to prove I mean business.

JOE ACTON.

Champion Catch-as-Catch-Can Wrestler of the World.

At Leipzig, Germany, recently, the international bicycle meeting was largely attended. The principal event was 10,000 metre race (6½ miles). The following were the results: George Lucy Hillier, London, Stanley C. C., first, by 10 metres, in 19 minutes 142 seconds, best on record for Germany; the previous record was 19 minutes 57 seconds. Johann Fodd, Berlin, Berlin B. C., second; Josef Schwarz, Munchen, third; Fritz Emborg, Berlin, fourth; Peter Kohout, Prague, fifth.

The wrestling match, collar-and-elbow, between Joe Ryan and Vito Small, better known as Black Sam, was decided in a well-known handball court in this city on Oct. 6. The men wrestled for a purse, best two in three falls. A

THE REFEREE.

His Thoughts, Opinions and Expressions on Matters of Sporting Interest.

The Gentlemen cricketers, of England, sailed for home from New York on Oct. 1.

It is my opinion the visit of the team to this country was a success, both financially and in victories gained.

Besides, there is no doubt that cricket in America has been greatly brougt by the matches played by the Englishmen, and every effort should be put forth to encourage similar invasion at least every second year.

I was informed by a prominent member of the English team that the only reason why English teams did not cross the Atlantic sooner was that they felt afraid of being beaten by the Philadelphians.

The action of the Englishmen in engaging Lane to stand as umpire in all the matches is one which is worthy of imitation by their United States, and especially Canadian brethren.

That absolute fairness in decisions on the field shall be obtained is one of the most important elements of the game, and during the whole tour no player has had reason to cavil at the decisions given by Lane. A professional has good reason to know the game better than an amateur, and we may fairly state that what is called play to a professional is extremely arduous to an amateur, no matter how great his knowledge of the game may be.

There was quite a sensation at the American Jockey Club meeting on Oct. 1, and the strained relations which have existed between the owners of the Brooklyn and Rancocas stables since the Blue ribbon race at Sheepshead Bay in the autumn of 1862 can end an outbreak. The immediate cause was another selling race, which Ponticello, a half brother of Pontiac, won quite easily. He was entered to be sold for \$5,500, but Mr. McDonald, who ran second with Bordeleau, and the Dwyer Bros., who ran third with Lulu, ran up the price of Ponticello to \$15,000.

According to racing rules, two-thirds of any surplus a winner brings over his selling price is to go to the second horse and one third to the third horse.

When Ponticello was led in front of the judges' stand to be auctioned off more than the usual crowd gathered, for turfmen sensed a battle in the air, knowing that one or two brisk skirmishes had previously taken place between the Dwyers and Mr. Lorillard at the close of similar races. Hostilities began by Andrew Thompson, colored trainer for Mr. McDonald, outbidding Mr. Skiphorth Gordon, agent for the owner of the colt.

Additional hundreds were piled on the colt, and then Michael looked to his brother Philip, as much as to say, "Shall we keep up the fight?" Paul responded by letting loose a fresh broadside of dollars until Ponticello was weighted with \$15,000.

By fifties and hundreds Ponticello was run up to \$8,000. Hero Thompson withdrew from the contest, and Michael Dwyer began shooting volleys of dollars until the colt's hide was stuffed with 12,000 of them. Then the crowd, which had become denser as the excitement spread, broke out into a wild cheer.

The trainer of J. E. McDonald sent the colt up to \$7,000 and Mr. Skiphorth Gordon, who acted for Mr. Lorillard, had been saving the horse for the Rancocas stable, bid \$7,000. Auctioneer O'Neill was alert and industrious. He caught all the nods and affirmative motions that were supposed to be laden with dollars, and when Mr. Michael Dwyer, who had taken a hand, was through, the colt had been run up to \$12,000, a very pretty advance on the entered selling price. Mr. Skiphorth Gordon was all the time supposed by Auctioneer O'Neill to be nodding advances, and then Mr. Philip Dwyer took a turn, and by and by the offered price was \$15,000. Last bid of all—\$15,000—gone!

Every one supposed Pierre Lorillard had bought the colt for \$15,000.

Pierre Lorillard's agent denied having bid over \$7,500. James O'Neill, the auctioneer, insisted he done so. Pierre Lorillard lost his temper and rushing up to the judges stand he charged O'Neill with swindling him. The squabble continued for a while longer, when Judge Munson managed to get the gesticulating trio out of the stand, and to settle the difficulty, Mr. Withers proposed to put up the colt again.

Philip Dwyer must have been informed of Mr. Lorillard's opposition term of "sinister," for in an instant he came wading through the crowd and up to the judge's stand. His face was flushed, and he fairly shot with indignation. He insisted that the judges had no right to put up the colt at auction again. That the colt had been knocked down to Lorillard for \$15,000, and that under the rules McDonald was entitled to two-thirds and he one-third of the surplus over the entered selling price of \$1,500. He denounced the language used as unfair and unjust, and said that he wanted no favors, but insisted on his rights.

Withers said something in reply as Dwyer was going down the steps, to which Dwyer, turning back sharply, replied: "Oh, no, Mr. Withers; don't you make the mistake of thinking that you can run this race by yourself any more than anybody else can. You attempt it you will see a riot some day. Don't talk to me about riots," retorted Withers, and pointing to Inspector Dilks, added, "Inspector Dilks will take care of a riot, and if there is an outbreak you will be the first one arrested."

The crowd that surrounded the judges' stand had meanwhile become immense. The track and the quarter stretch was literally packed with people. Cheer upon cheer went up for Phil Dwyer as he came down the steps, and Withers finally got the police to clear the track.

The matter was finally adjusted by Pierre Lorillard buying in his colt at \$7,000.

It was understood by Mr. Lorillard that the Messrs. Dwyers and McDonald were satisfied with the offer, which gives Mr. McDonald \$3,570 and the Dwyer Brothers \$1,853, being a division under the rules of two-thirds to the second and one-third to the third.

I understand the trouble was caused because Pierre Lorillard, a son of Ponticello, a dark horse, surprised the talents by beating the favorite, Dwyer's Lulu, and it is my opinion the Dwyers came out of the difficulty with flying colors, and stand in the position of having made Lorillard a present of \$7,500.

It must be allowed it is not pleasant for a man to stand by and either have to let a good colt go or pay more than double his value to him.

It is my opinion the whole affair brings out the real defects of the selling-race system in vogue more glaringly. The ordinary selling-race for all ages, which winds up a day's flat-racing programme is nothing but a gamble of the worst kind, and very generally one with loss, just as most of the steeplechases of the year have been before the Coney Island Jockey Club cut them off. On the other hand, it is to be urged that when a man enters a good horse in a selling-race at a figure far below his value, he takes his chances at either losing his horse or paying a fancy price to keep him, and if he is beaten he ought to be sportsmanlike enough to take his whipping like a man.

I think that the turf wants to promote racing and protect its patrons is a national institution, a national jockey club, which was proposed by the Western Racing Association two years ago, and if a few men like Pierre Lorillard, who is a sportsman of the true type, Geo. L. Lorillard and one or two other gentlemen would take hold of the subject right now they could pull the cart out of the mire. As it runs at present, it will only get deeper in and private interests will suffer.

The way it is run now the turf consists of a number of private individuals or associations who run a show business the same as the theatres do.

Is there a man who loves the turf sufficiently from disinterested motives and who has the speed and stamina to carry out his programme?

By the way, Green Morris has a very promising yearling called Cousin, named after the able advocate of injured innocence, Mr. Abe Hummed. The colt is by Ten Brock out of Gold Bug.

Messrs. Morris & Patton have dissolved partnership. Mr. Patton retains Gold Bug and her dam, that good race mare Gold Bug, Freeman and Ten Stone. Mr. Morris retains Bordeau, Favor, Bonnie S. and Whizig.

I understand that if the Dwyer Brothers want another match of Miss Woodford against Freeland, Mr. Corrigan is perfectly willing to accommodate them and allow the mare 3 pounds.

He stated recently that he would match Freeland against Miss Woodford for \$5,000 to \$10,000 a side, Freeland to allow Miss Woodford 3 pounds, and the Dwyers to name any distance from a mile and a furlong to a mile and a half. He said furthermore that their mare was not fit he would grant them any time they wished to make the mare fit.

Young men of now, athletically inclined, have a very rosy time, compared with what young men of similar tendencies had between fifteen and twenty years ago.

Sport was then hedged around within the narrowest limits and was subject to the most violent persecution.

The class of people who are now most proud to hear that their son has won a race would have turned him adrift had public prayers offered up for him if he had become athletic when I was a youngster.

There really are some reasons why parents should be proud of what their sons do in these times if their sons take any rank at all.

A lad has to be very good before he can win a race of book mark. In the early days of amateurism matters were very different.

Although I was closely and intimately mixed up with athletic sports of more than one sort when young, I can honestly say that I never heard the word "professional" used in those days as we now use it.

I read recently that the winner of a competition in an athletic meeting had been objected to on the score of his being a professional.

Of the objection's merits I know nothing, neither do I know it was settled. What struck me was that the only son the man who was objected to had committed was the sin of being vicious.

There is no reason whatever why they should not be made to pit their skill or marksmanship.

Are marksmen used at amateur sports yet or are amateurs still allowed to do as they like because it would be so very wrong to suspect them of desire to cheat the pistol.

Naturally no one likes to be beaten by an opponent who is running under false pretenses, but it certainly would look a great deal better if protests were made before they had to be made against a winner.

The annual outcry against the phenomenon, L. E. Myers, is again raised and there are demands for an investigation into his status as an amateur.

Depend upon it if the man who first drew the line between running for cups and money had been anything like as good as their successors of the present day there would have been no such stringent laws as those which now cause widespread and unnecessary unpleasantness.

It is my opinion that the four great primary points in training are diet, sleep, clothing and exercise. The great object to be remembered is that every particle of the human frame which decays has to be replaced by another particle although, perhaps, not of a like nature.

That is a reduction of adipose that has to be compensated for by a correspondent increase of muscle.

Training, like all other things, the beginning should be in moderation, and by far the best plan is to reduce all superfluous flesh, if there be any, before an attempt to contend against time.

Thus a man will be able to walk or run with much more ease and comfort to himself and will not be disgraced by what would otherwise be considered a bad performance.

A new body, in fact, has to be built up for running. A man has gradually to subdue his ordinary heart and lungs and, by it, as it were, reconstruct those organs in a manner suited for whatever branch of exercise may be required.

In all exertions two sets of muscles are used—the extraordinary or special and the ordinary or habitual.

The former are those which are specially brought into use by an exercise of the will on the part of the athlete while engaged in his proper pursuits, but the latter, in their connection with the heart and lungs, are naturally and unconsciously used by all men, whether athletes or not.

Those particular muscles which are most brought into use by any special exercise will be most developed, e.g. in walking, chiefly those of the legs and thighs; in rowing, chiefly those of the legs and loins.

In conclusion, an athlete should confine himself exclusively to that kind of exercise which suits him best, if he wishes to be proficient.

At the American Jockey Club on Oct. 3 Leslie Bruce's Bon Soir ran second to Inspector D. B. Clapp, who rode Bon Soir, forgot to salute the judges and the colt was placed last.

The result was the hundreds of dollars that were paid by the owner of Bon Soir and the public was lost.

Long ago everybody who went to the American Jockey Club races used to be seen and eminent respectable; now everybody has fever in his blood and fire in his eye.

The disappointing tactics of a horse, the ingenuousness of a bookmaker, the beautiful confidence of an auctioneer in the man who looks at him shyly and th lack of etiquette in a jockey who has never had a fair opportunity of studying Chesterfield manners are sometimes very discreditable influences.

It looks absurd that a lot of people should be deprived of their jockey earnings, because a mate of a boy, who perhaps, had taken a little Dutch courage in the liquor form before getting into the saddle, had forgotten to touch his cap in salute after the race.

Of course the rule was formed to guard against fraud, but in a case where there was really no fraud attempted, it would have been better had the judges been able to use their own common sense.

The line was overdrawn, and, in plain language, the public was robbed.

Do not forget that any person who is unable to buy this paper in their town can have it forwarded direct from this office at the rate of \$1.00 for three months.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All requests for information of a character to be answered in the columns of a newspaper will meet with an early reply on this page, and our readers are cordially invited to submit by letter any reasonable question, no matter on what subject.

D., Brooklyn.—No.

C. B., Holyoke, Mass.—Yes.

E. C. G., Boston, Mass.—Yes.

J. W., Harper's Ferry, Va.—No.

J. L. B., Derby, Conn.—The bet is a draw.

C. E. W., Brightwood—Five feet 10½ inches.

G. E., Troy, N. Y.—Yes; it was a great performance.

B. E. C. B., Boston.—Yes; in the early part of the season.

J. C., Belle Vernon, Fayette Co., Pa.—Six thousand times.

B. F. E., Gouverneur.—We recently answered your questions.

Buck, Schodack Depot, New York.—Procure a baseball guide.

AMERICAN.—No one ever won the "Palms" but American riflemen.

P. E., Slattery.—Champion's Rest, 133 Front street, Rochester, N. Y.

W. H., St. Louis, Mo.—Abe Hickens has fought fifteen times in the ring.

S. C. Gratz, O.—Write in care of this office to Bob Smith, he is a first-class trainer and will just suit you.

A. B., Alexandria, Va.—Tom Sawyer defeated the "Tipton Slasher" in 10 rounds, lasting 1 hour 42 minutes.

B. G., Pottsville, Pa.—Yes. 2. Pilot Knox belongs in Maine.

S. N. No. 4. Write to Peck & Snyder, Nassau street.

Tarke Snorrius.—Yes. 1. Yes. Captain McGowan, John Stewart and Controller have trotted 30 miles within 1 hour.

L. S., Baltimore, Md.—Billy O'Reilly, the pugilist, was fatally stabbed by Charley Huff at Virginia City, July 1, 1874.

G. W., Brooklyn, N. Y.—1. They get nothing for their services.

2. The manager has no tools in getting runners. 3. No.

R. S. M., Philadelphia.—1. Practice on a horizontal bar; use dumb-bells. 2. About 20 to 40 inches should be the average.

A. F., Poughkeepsie, N. Y.—Mike McCool was born March 18, 1873, and Aaron Jones March 1, 1883. 4 wins, as Jones is 6 years older than McCool.

F. H., Mifflin, Pa.—1. We cannot publish every photo as soon as received. 2. Sporting portraits that are considered worthy will be published in their turn if possible. 3. We return no photographs of any description.

Thos. Szwarcz, Crawford, Tex.—Parker (Eureka Jewelry Co.) claims he is still in his first year of age, we have declined his gun advertisement until we know it to be so.

J. S., Singac, N. J.—It is claimed George Seward ran 100 yards in 9½ seconds, but we have doubts about the performance. He is said to have accomplished thefeat on a turpentine at Hammersmith, Eng., in 1874, but no pedestrian has ever since tried or come near the record.

D. G., Rochester, N. Y.—On Sept. 17, 1877, 17 articles of agreement were signed between Hanlan and Lee and Courtney and Conly, for a mile double-sprint race, with a turn, for \$1,000 a side, to be rowed Oct. 10. Hanlan, Lee and Courtney were at Troy on the 21st and agreed upon the course.

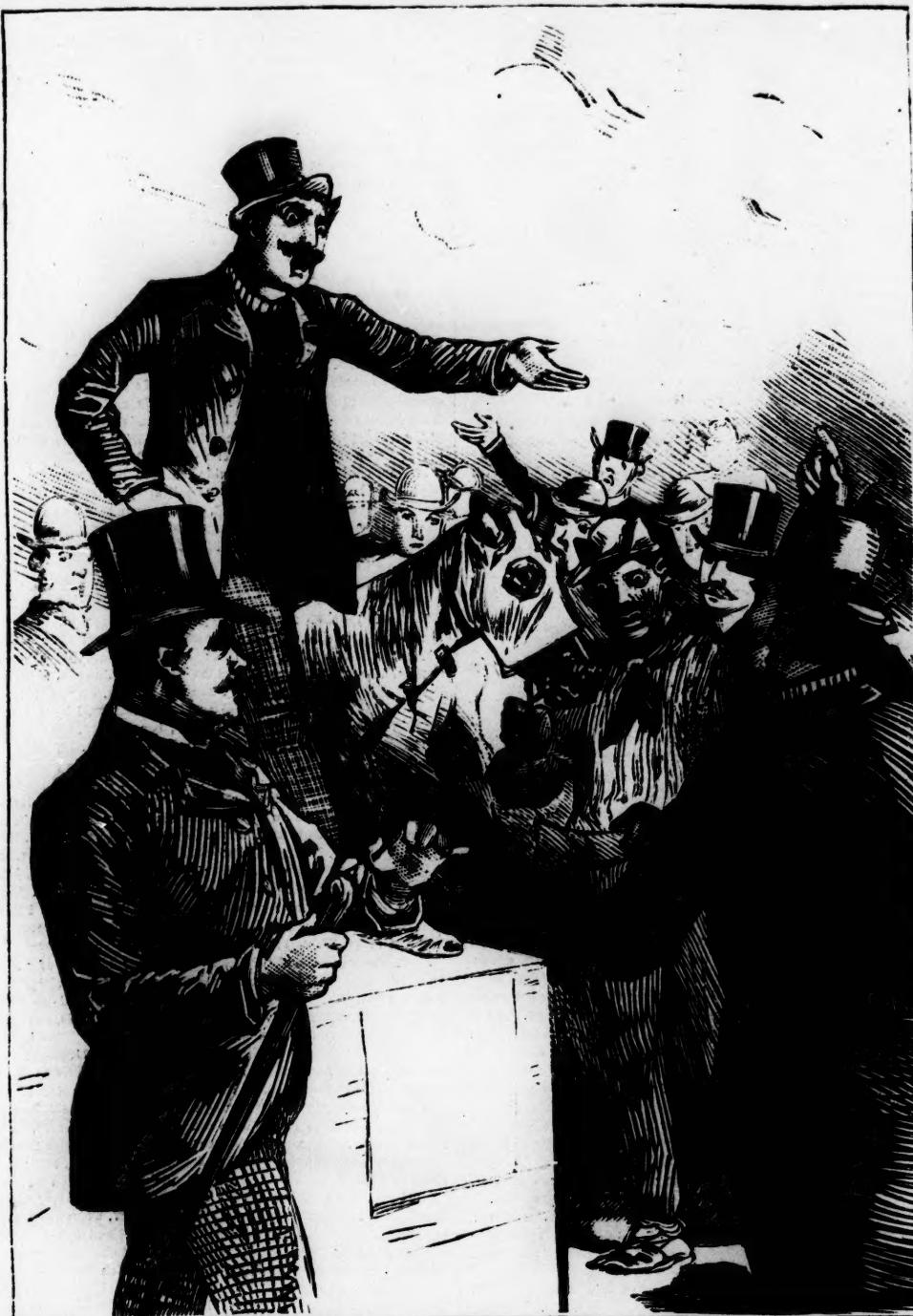
R. E., Utica, N. Y.—1. W. G. George arrived in this country Oct. 7, 1882. 2. He ran against L. E. Myers three times. On Nov. 4, 1882, he defeated the American champion in an 800-yard race by 1 yard, in 1 minute 27 seconds. On Nov. 11 he defeated Myers, running 1 mile in 4 minutes 21-3/4 seconds, and on Nov. 30 he defeated Myers, running 1,330 yards in 3 minutes 10½ seconds.

J. B. S., Manchester, N. H.—1. For running, this horse is fast. The sole should be thicker than the heel and contain four or five spikes, the racing the hoof continued almost down to the toe. 2. For walking the racing the hoof should be thicker than the sole and contain a few sparrow-hill nails, none being required in the toes.

J. G. S., Bridgeport, Ill.—The term "bout" in boxing or wrestling parlance means the whole contest between each pair. The term "round" is something similar. 2. In estimating superiority in such contests, endurance is entitled to consideration as well as skill and it frequently happens that a boxer who has had decided the best of it in the first two or three rounds tires so thoroughly that he cuts a sorry figure in the final bout and is really and fairly beaten and would, of course, be so judged by those who understand the rules.

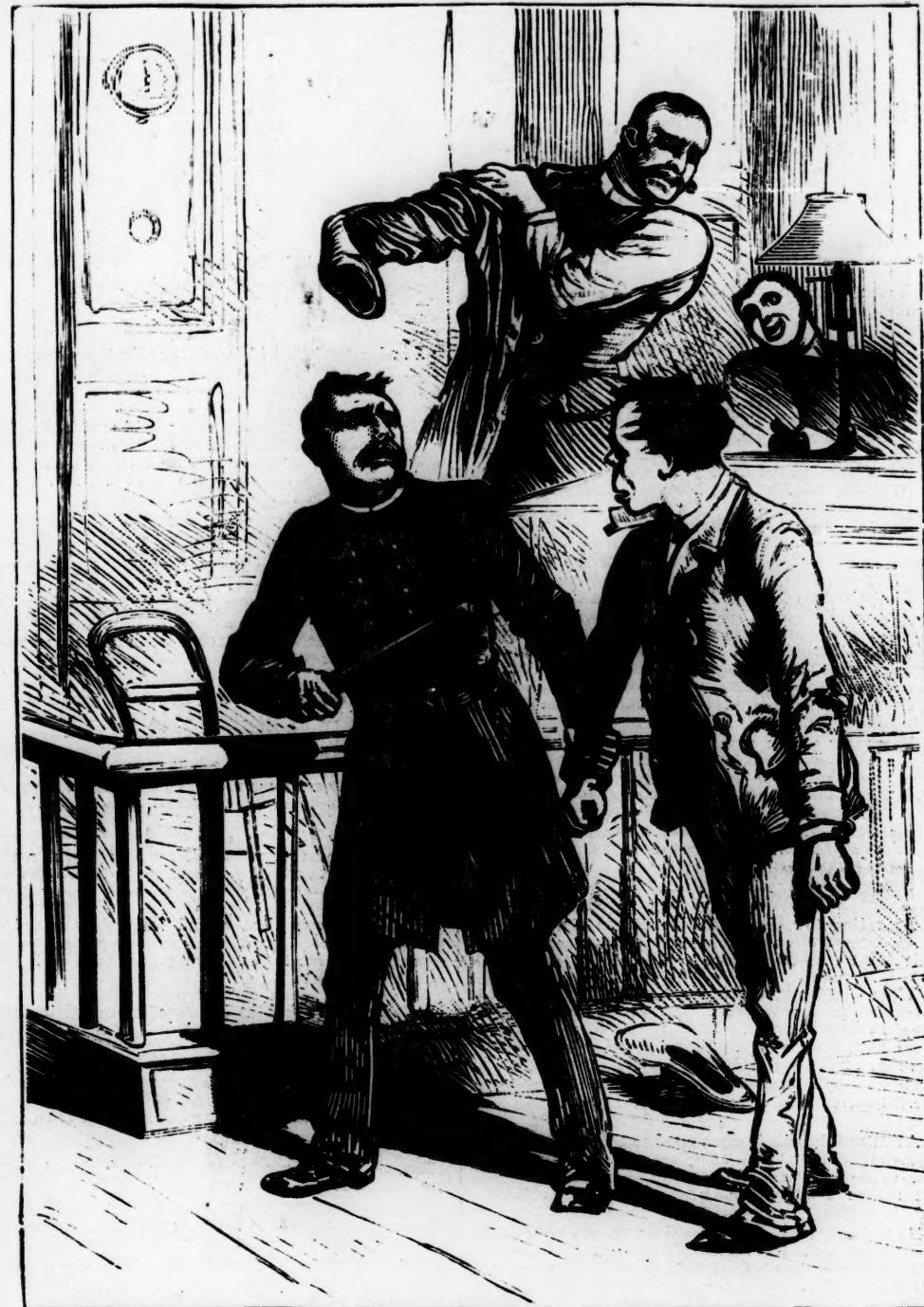
W. G., Jacksonville.—1. Tim Collins and Billy Edwards fought for \$2,000 and the light-weight championship on May 25, 1871. 2. Ninety-five rounds were fought in 2 hours 15 minutes, when night ended the battle, and the referee ordered them to renew the fight on the following day, but on the same night Edwards and Collins were arrested, and on May 26, 1871, they were committed in default of \$6,000 bail. On May 27 both pugilists were tried before Judge Dowling in the Court of Special Sessions, found guilty of violating the law and sentenced to one year in the penitentiary and to pay a fine of \$1,000.

S. W. B., Princeton, N. J.—All athletes are liable to accidents while training, these are chiefly strained muscles and blisters. In the first case perfect rest must be taken till a complete cure is effected. For blisters the best way is to lance the skin with a needle, never with a pin, and press the water out, they will then



A SPORTING SQUABBLE.

PIERRE LORILLARD AND PHIL DWYER HAVE A GROWL OVER A SELLING RACE.



WHIPPED BY A JUDGE.

HOW THE DIGNITY OF THE COURT WAS MAINTAINED AT SANTA CRUZ, CAL.



A BRUTAL OUTRAGE.

MISS NANCY HOOVER OF CLAY COURT HOUSE, W. VA., IS BEATEN BY A CRUEL MOB.



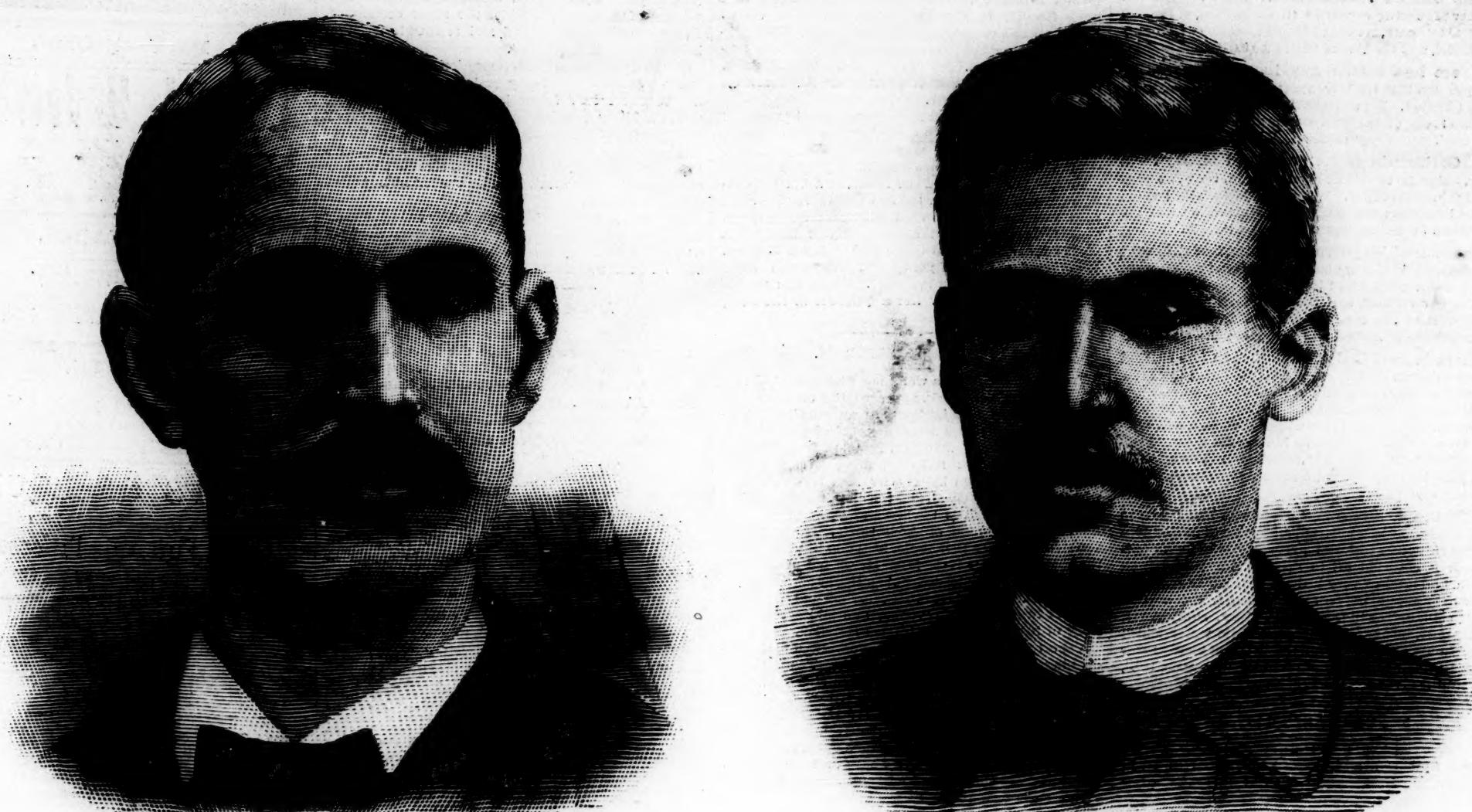
A GALLANT GROUP.
THE IRISH CHAMPION ATHLETIC TEAM.

George A. Fuller.

We publish this week^a a portrait of the youngest professional driver on the turf who has met with success. Following closely in the footsteps of his father—a man renowned for his skill in

the sulky—he has had no uncertain teacher. He drove Prince in a race or two through Illinois, and won, trotting below 2:30. Lizzie II he drove in 2:28 $\frac{1}{4}$. His most meritorious work, however, was last year with Robin. Last June the horse could not trot better than 2:50. In three weeks he showed 2:34 $\frac{1}{2}$; in six weeks,

2:30. Inside of four months he had a record of 2:28 $\frac{1}{4}$, and can beat 2:20 easy; and all owing to this young mechanic's good head and good management. He has proven himself able and skillful, and as he is strictly temperate and thoroughly reliable, he should make an enviable reputation for himself.



GEORGE A. FULLER,
THE YOUNGEST PROFESSIONAL DRIVER ON THE TURF.

THOMAS MANNION,
A CHAMPION SWIMMER OF ENGLISH BIRTH.

BEFORE THE BAR.

Tea Drunkards--Davenport's Position on the Wine Issue--Patent Medicine Drinkers--Drug Store Swigs, Etc., Etc.



Brewer H. J. Ferris is one of the most gentlemanly and active officers in the United States Brewers' Association. His extensive brewery in the upper section of this big city is a monument to his energy and business ability. Bright, sparkling ale proves him to be a master in his art.

What a lot of fun the Gibbs committee have had with the Excise Board!

Attorney-General Garland likes a good article of Mourouz as a general beverage.

Jay Gould says he has not tasted whisky for a quarter of a century. He prefers something more costly.

There is more wine drunk in Washington in proportion to the population than any city in the Union.

A Texas paper advertises that it will swap pats for cocktails every day in the year. Not cigar pats?

The tea drunkards are on a racket over the coming election. They will have big heads when they know the result.

A Maine doctor declares that he has the spirits of 200 Indians under his control. He'll get arrested for not having a proper excise license.

The Excise Board have suspended Inspector Joseph Groves who gave important testimony before Senator Gibbs' investigating committee.

Billy Wright's former partner, the gay and festive Morgan, is making it very lively for the Brooklyns in his elegant headquarters on Atlantic street.

The drug store soda fountain is at work again, getting in the bright touches on the tips of the church-going gentlemen's noses. Wonderful coloring for softs only!

Brewers should buy their malt direct from the men in Canada, as there is considerable mixing going on among the dealers. This is really the only way to obtain the genuine article.

The United States stands third in the list of beer producing countries, Great Britain, at the last general estimate, brewing 1,000,000,000 gallons, Germany 900,000,000, and the United States 600,000,000.

There has been many inquiries regarding the position that Mr. Davenport takes on the temperance question. Let us state right here that this gentleman is one of the largest wine growers in this State and don't give a big "D" for prohibition.

A California doctor prescribed sherry for a lady, but as there was no good wine in town, he sent it from his own cellar. When the doctor's bill came in the lady's bus and lodged a complaint against the physician for selling liquor without a license.

There are 5,000 patent medicines of different concoction sold throughout the country of which about half are slow poison and injurious to the general welfare of our citizens and their pocketbook. Many of these contain the cheapest kind of alcohol, and still the drunks have not got on the racket yet.

There is good deal of difference in the United States as to drinking. At Washington men from the North and East and from California drink wine, while those from the West and South take whisky or beer. Kentuckians usually take whisky straight, and Wisconsins are fond of their own Milwaukee lager. President Cleveland drinks beer sometimes. The Speaker is a good judge of liquors, and he often takes a bottle of wine with his lunch.

Within the last few years punch has become very popular at Washington, and you will now find a big punch bowl at almost every fashionable gathering. It is quite an art to make a fine Washington punch, and it takes very little of the regular article to cause the knees to quiver and the head to swim. One recipe contains the ingredients, whisky, rum, claret, champagne, sugar and lemons. A little water added to this, and you have a drink that will put an old toper under the table after half of his usual allowance. Still, this stuff is given to young men and maidens.

SHE FORGOT HER GARTER.

(Subject of Illustration.)

About a month ago Mr. Zibetti, of Union Hill, N. J., asked his wife if she would not like to spend a few weeks in the mountains for the benefit of her health. She was not feeling any worse than usual, and, although somewhat surprised, she answered in the affirmative, and a few days later departed for the Catskills, intending to remain about a fortnight.

Her husband's letter, however, contained such vivid pictures of the intolerable heat in town that she decided to prolong her stay. In spite of the fact that the New York papers spoke of the early arrival of cool weather, Mr. Zibetti continued to dwell in his letters upon the unusual heat and consequent discomfort in Union Hill, and warmly urged her to remain in the mountains. This fact aroused her suspicions, and without informing her husband she left the mountains and arrived home Monday night. Although unexpected, she was cordially welcomed by her husband. She found everything in the house just as she had left it, and she began to feel that she had wronged her husband by thinking that he was capable of doing anything wrong.

A few days after her arrival she was called on by several of her lady friends, who regaled her with accounts of the ravishing beauty of a young lady who had been a frequent caller upon Mr. Zibetti during her absence. She questioned her husband about his fair visitor. He assured her that it was purely on business that the lady had visited him, and this satisfied her. While cleaning her room Tuesday Mrs. Zibetti had occasion to open a trunk which stood at the foot of the bed. As she pulled it out a woman's garter rolled to her feet. Upon examination she found that it was marked "Z. M."

This gave Mrs. Zibetti food for consideration, and after pondering on whom the initials belonged to she remembered that a Miss Zoe Martin of Bergesonne avenue, was an old friend of her husband. She then put the garter in her pocket, armed herself with a stout cowhide, and, accompanied by her maid, entered a stout cab and was driven to Miss Martin's home.

Fortunately for that lady she was not at home when Mrs. Zibetti, excited and flushed, with the cowhide firmly grasped under her cloak, stepped out of the cab in front of the house. The angry wife did not expose the object of her mission to Miss Martin's mother, but anxiously inquired where she could be found. The lady did not know, and Miss Zibetti drove to several places, passing the day fruitlessly in a search for the woman. At night she returned crestfallen, but undaunted, and what occurred between her and her husband is not known.

WIFE, HUSBAND AND BEAU.

The residents of the pretty little village of Hempstead, L. I., are thrown into convulsions over the details of a scandal which has just been brought to light, involving a popular young society man and a married woman.

About three years ago Charles Earl, a young mechanic and a resident of Brooklyn, was visiting some friends at Hempstead. Here he met and fell in love with Miss Margaret Smyth, a petite looking blonde about seventeen years of age. It was a case of love at first sight. Young Earl's affection was reciprocated. The young couple were married and came to Brooklyn to live.

Earl loved his young wife dearly, but shortly after their marriage, it appears, discovered that she was a flirt. The young husband rebuked her for it. They had their first quarrel and the pretty Mabelle threatened to go home to her mother. Friends interfered, however, and she did not carry her threat into execution. Earl, who was employed during the day, was taken sick while at work and returned home earlier than usual and found his wife reposing in the arms of a stranger. A tumult ensued, and the stranger was pretty roughly handled by Earl and finally driven from the house. Earl and his wife then separated, and she returned to her home at Hempstead.

Previous to her marriage Mrs. Earl had been courted by Charles Roads, and on her return to Hempstead his attentions were renewed. About six months ago Roads left the little villa, accompanied by Mrs. Earl.

On their return they went to housekeeping, and it was generally believed that they had been married; Mrs. Earl having spread the report that her former husband had died. Shortly after this a child was born.

In the meantime a rumor had reached the ears of the Overseer of the Poor to the effect that Mrs. Earl's former husband was still alive, and employed in a brass foundry in Brooklyn. The Overseer visited Brooklyn and called upon Charles Earl. That gentleman informed the Overseer that he was the husband of Mrs. Earl. No divorce had been obtained, and if Mrs. Earl had contracted another marriage she was guilty of bigamy.

The Overseer returned to Hempstead and examined the marriage records, but could find no trace of any such ceremony having taken place. Determined to sift the matter to the bottom he cultivated the acquaintance of Roads, and the latter, in a burst of confidence, confided to him the fact that there never had been any marriage between Mrs. Earl and himself.

The Overseer procured a warrant and Roads was placed under arrest and taken before Judge Wallace. He entered a plea of guilty and was placed under bonds of \$300 to support the child. Roads was unable to furnish bail, and now lies a prisoner in the Long Island City Jail.

THE PLUMBER'S REVENGE.

Frederick Herrlich, a well-to-do plumber, of No. 186 First avenue, New York, appeared the other day in the Essex County Police Court as an aggrieved husband and complainant and charged Frederick Bauer, a young hairdresser, with having stolen from him \$300 in cash and a trunk full of clothing valued at \$300. The money had been handled by Mrs. Herrlich, with whom Bauer had eloped, and the clothing belonged to her. Mrs. Herrlich is twenty-four years of age, and Bauer is a young man of about thirty. He had been arrested by Officer Bell at No. 25 Second avenue, and the officer found part of Mrs. Herrlich's clothing in his trunk. Bauer pleaded not guilty, but was locked up for trial. He declared that Herrlich was persecuting him in a spirit of revenge, and told a romantic story of his elopement with Lena Herrlich.

A short time ago, Bauer said, he worked in a dressing saloon in Sixth avenue, near Twenty-third street, and lived with his sister in Eighth avenue, near One Hundred and Twenty-second street. The Herrlichs were their neighbors, and Mrs. Herrlich visited at their house. The first time that Lena saw him she asked him to sing, and as he had a cultivated voice she begged him to call at her house and sing to her. He went there and met her husband, who handed him a concertina, and he played and sang to them.

After that Lena Herrlich began visiting him at his shop in Sixth avenue, when she always asked him to take her out. Her visits were so frequent that Bauer's employer first grumbled at the loss of time which she

occasionally him and then told him that he continued to call he would be obliged to discharge him. She then discontinued her visits, but sent her little girl with messages telling him to meet her at certain places. About Sept. 21 they met by appointment at an oyster saloon in Sixth avenue, near Twenty-third street. She said that she had left her husband and wanted him to run away with her. She declared that she would never go home. She had drawn \$200 from the bank, she said, and had packed up her clothes and removed them from the house, and was quite ready to start.

"I saw her determination," Bauer said, "and she looked so beautiful and spoke in such a manner to me that I could not resist, and we went off to Albany and Buffalo and Boston." At the latter city Bauer took up a copy of the New York *Statesman* and there read a "personal" from Mr. Herrlich, in which he begged her to return home, as all was forgiven; and her mother was very sick and was going to die. Then they returned to New York. Lena had asked Bauer to put a few of her clothes in his trunk, as there was not room enough in her own, and a few pieces of soiled linen and a pair of old slippers found their way into his trunk, which was seized by the officer. Herrlich prevailed upon Lena to return to him and she went home, whereupon Herrlich caused Bauer's arrest.

Sergt. Cahill said that Lena's father was a wealthy property owner, and the court held Bauer in \$2,500 bail for trial.

A QUEER RACE.

(Subject of Illustration.)

The Fire Department of Madison consists mainly of two steam fire engines, which are hauled about as occasion requires by teams of magnificent horses. The corporation cannot well afford to keep these animals in harness most of the time, so they are used by the Street Commissioner very often for the purpose of hauling gravel, etc.; and are housed with the engines at night.

The other day the team belonging to No. 1's Company was at the gravel pit when an alarm of fire was sounded. The driver did not hear the bell, and the firemen were in despair. The location of the fire was over a mile distant, and it seemed as though they would be compelled to haul the heavy machine the e themselves. Just then a young farmer came in from the market place near by, and, on being told of the trouble that beset the firemen, said:

"Well, I've got a team around here that will haul your machine."

He was told to hurry the animals into the engine house, and within two minutes appeared with a yoke of oxen. Entering into the spirit of the thing, the firemen helped hitch the animals to the engine, and jumping upon the machine, with the farmer in the driver's seat, away they went. The oxen traveled well and were easily guided by their owner, who urged them into a trot, and they moved around the (valley) park to the southwest corner. Just one mile west of the Capitol is the Wisconsin State University, and it was near the grounds of that institution that a dwelling house was burning. Between the State buildings is State street, a broad, level avenue.

Just as the fire engine reached the corner above mentioned, Policeman John Lewis came up from the opposite direction driving the horse of John S. Hawks, of the State Journal, which he had borrowed for the occasion. Hawks and Lewis have always intended that the horse is able to beat any roadster *sweat* in the city. Lewis showed defiance to the driver of the oxen, and the latter in loud tones accused the challenge. The roadster and the team of oxen swept into State street together, and the novel race began. The drivers were cheered by the people attracted to the scene.

For a block it was neck and neck, and then the horse began to draw ahead. The farmer shouted to the firemen to draw in and lighten the load, which they did. He then stood up and behaved his beasts and set up a most uncouth series of yells. The oxen broke into a run and began bellowing, and elevated their tails into the air.

At the first quarter the horse was still setting the pace in grand style, though becoming a little nervous because of the confusion which the scene occasioned. Lewis had him well in hand, and seemed to feel that he would maintain the lead.

On they went, until the intersection of Henry street, which marked the half-way goal, was reached. Here the bucolic racers' hearts jolted Lewis' wheel and were gradually creeping up. In the next quarter they were neck and neck with the horse, and his driver began to apply the lash. This only caused the horse to break into a run, and as he caught sight of the oddly caparisoned steeds with which he was racing he bolted into a side street.

The oxen kept steadily on, gradually reducing their speed, until they reached the fire and were declared winners of the race. The firemen soon came up in a butcher's cart and manned their machine.

A SPORTSMAN'S SQUABBLE.

(Subject of Illustration.)

On another page we illustrate the recent difficulty between Pierre Lorillard and Phil Dwyer, at Jerome Park, a full description of which will be found in our "Referee" column.

C. B. Jones, of the Odeon theatre, Baltimore, has engaged Paddy Ryan and Joe Coburn, the famous pugilists, who will appear nightly at that theatre, commencing Oct. 12, and give illustrations in the manly art of self-defense. Both are very popular and have a host of friends, and they will prove a big card and will attract large crowds to the Odeon. It is understood that Ryan and Coburn are also to appear at Washington during racing week.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption. Bronchitis, Cataract, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility, and a great many Complaints. After having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases he has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering followers. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

The Lehigh Valley Railroad are running excursions to Mauch Chunk, the "Switzerland of America," embracing the Glen Onoko, and a thrilling ride over the

famous gravity road known as the Switch Back. The route lies through the richest part of New Jersey and the beautiful Lehigh valley, running along the winding banks of the Lehigh river, and passing through the grand old mountain views of Pennsylvania, affording one of the grandest panoramic views of natural scenery in the world. The last excursion of the season leaves Corliss on Deshusses streets, with parlor cars attached, at 8:10 A. M. on Oct. 21, making stops at Newark, Elizabeth and Rahway, placing the round trip at \$2.25. Don't miss this trip.

TO ADVERTISERS.

The great holiday number of the POLICE GAZETTE for 1885, will be No. 42, published Nov. 28, so as to allow ample time to reach all points of the continent, enabling its readers to send in their orders to our patrons for the novelties they will present in that special holiday edition, which will exceed all previous efforts; both in artistic effort and in extent of circulation; which shall not be less than 250,000.

CURE FOR THE DEAF.

PECK'S PATENT IMPROVED CUSHIONED EAR DRUMS. PERFECTLY RESTORE THE HEARING. And perform the work of a medical doctor, without the cost of a physician. All conversation and even whispers heard distinctly. We refer to those using them. See our illustrated book with testimonials. FREE. Address F. Huscox, 83 Broadway, N. Y. Mention this paper.

DR. TOBIAS' CELEBRATED

VENEZIAN LINIMENT.

Sold everywhere. PAINS IN THE LIMBS, BACK OR CHEST VANISH IMMEDIATELY BY ITS USE. WARRANTED TO GIVE PERFECT SATISFACTION OF NO PAY. Price 25 and 50 cents.

TO ADVERTISERS.

IMPORTANT TO ADVERTISERS.

As a national advertising medium the POLICE GAZETTE is unrivaled. Subscribers bind the GAZETTE, and the advertising is so placed that it must be bound in the volume, thus giving it a permanent value.

Specimen copies mailed upon request. Prompt attention paid to inquiries and correspondence.

Estimates submitted upon application.

A trial, as a test of value, is solicited.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Advertisements..... \$1.00 per line. Reading Notices..... 20 cent.

Copy for advertisements must be in by Wednesday morning in order to insure insertion in following issue. The POLICE GAZETTE has 16 pages, of 4 columns, measuring 14½ inches each, and 24 inches wide.

ALL AGATE MEASUREMENT. EIGHT WORDS A LINE.

No Discounts Allowed on Large Advertisements or Time Contracts.

NO EXTRA CHARGE FOR CUTS OR DISPLAY.

During the continuance of an advertisement, the paper is sent regularly to all advertisers.

Can be accompanied with orders for transient business in order to secure prompt attention.

Address all communications

RICHARD K. FOX,

New York.

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We endeavor to order illustrations of all kinds for Merchants, Manufacturers, Publishers and Advertisers generally. Views of Buildings, Machinery, Diagrams, Illustrations for Catalogues, Portraits, Colored Posters, Etcetera; Trade Marks; Monograms, Etc. Etc. Orders by Mail. CAREFULLY ATTENDED TO.
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ANNIE SUTHERLAND,

ONE OF THE GLORIOUS GALAXY OF GRACEFUL GIRLS WHO ADORN "ADONIS."